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In

Dawnrise



T. L. H.



Harris, Thomas Lake

IN DAWNRISE

A SONG OF SONGS

DEDICATED

IN FAITH LOVE AND ADORATION TO

OUR LADY CHRISTA-YESSA

ONE WITH

CHRIST-JESUS OUR LIFE AND LORD

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51

IN DAWNRISE.

PART FIRST.

IN DAWNRISE.

I.

1

SING! for the spells are broken
That chained the Word unspoken ;
Sing, for the mights evoken
 That strove in darkness long.
While YESSA's dawn lifts fearless
Eyes, but for sun-dews tearless,
SHE is unvailed, the Peerless,
 Whose love-gifts flow to song.

2

Sing! in the sound that goeth
Life from LOVE YESSA floweth ;
Soul into flesh bestoweth ;
 Flesh to the soul's desire.
Sing! till arisen nations
Quicken to adorations ;
Thrill to Her palpitations ;
 Chord for Her human lyre.

3

Lives that for Love were shrineless,
 Eyes that for Love were eyneless,
 Lips that for Love were wineless,
 Dry as the deserts are ;—
 Lips for their blisses greet Her ;
 Eyes for their dawn-tide meet Her ;
 Lives for release implete Her,
 Folding the Avatar.

4

Sing! for the gifts that wait us ;
 Givings of God that mate us ;
 Honors that re-create us,
 Twain in the Bridal Pair ;
 Time, as a mateless maiden,
 Wasted and sorrow laden,
 Caught in the Rose of aidenn,
 Wreathed in the love-bloom there.

5

Earth, from its drear december,
 Wrought to a bridal chamber,
 Where the red roses clamber,
 Born of the Bridegroom's mouth ;
 Spring on the lips unsealing ;
 Spring in the eyes revealing ;
 Spring to life's life-sense feeling ;—
 God as the balmy south.

6

Sing for the Word! It cleaveth
Night, that no more bereaveth.
Sing! till new flesh receiveth
Love for its vital wear.
Sing! till Divine One-Twainness
Leadeth through pain the painless;
Leadeth through chain the chainless.
Sing! till the Lord declare.

II.

1

One saw to God as in a burning tree;
One in a desert tent;
Some on a cross, lifted o'er calvary,
Time's thorn-crowned Martyr spent;
But we, our Lady-Lord, are waiting Thee,
In one full day's event.

2

Of old Thou didst still down the troubled sea,
Bidding the tempest close;
Then lead forth ecstasy through agony,
For ages chained in woes.
Now Thou dost hush storm-tossed humanity,
Saying. "'Tis I: repose."

3

Into thy suffering Thou long hast led,
That men might learn to hold,
And suffer and grow sweet, to courage wed,
In Thy life's purpose bold :
Into thy resurrection now instead
Shall flesh, made soul, unfold.

4

So Thou, our Word made flesh, shalt re-assume
Our fleshliness again ;
And men and maids, enrobed in bridal bloom,
Grace eden's garden glen ;
And there shall be no ill, nor any tomb ;
But life eternal then.

III.

1

Thou art our Might, else we were powerless ;
Our Form, else we were dust ;
Our Bloom of bloom, else we were flowerless,
Fruitless, in nature's lust ;
Our Time Eterne, else we were hourless,
Into oblivion thrust.

2

Into our ground of creature-nothingness
Thou comest as a seed,
The smallest of all seeds ; whence we possess
The gift of will-in-deed,
That it may form in us Thy Form, to bless,
And from Thy wounds to bleed ;

3

Till, as full sacrificial trees, we stand
And in Thy pleasance grow,
For bloom, fruit, leafy shade, where large and grand
Thy cloistered arches show,
With ripeness meet for Love's new garden land ;
Bearing redemption so.

4

We hold Thee as pale winter holds blithe spring,
Till spring her summer holds ;
Till summer rounds to bounteous autumnning,
And the ripe year engolds.
Thy human seasons through our timeness wing ;
Thy life eterne unfolds.

5

Therefore, O Jesus-Yessa, One-in-Twain !
Our lives to Thee belong :
Thou opest in us Thy millennial reign ;
Healing time's agéd wrong.
Thou livest ! so alone do we remain ;
Our lives Thy marriage song.

IV.

1

Because no more I seek the throngs
 Of hours that through the battles press ;
 Because I loose Love's flying songs,
 To penetrate life's wilderness,
 And court and breed where time prolongs
 And multiplies earth's vain distress ;
 I turn aside the knotted throngs ;
 I quench the fierce relentlessness ;
 I dwell amid the viewless, peaceful years,
 Whose voice holds God,—the music of the spheres.

2

Therefore the White Dawn, o'er the mountains, cloven
 By Her advance whose robes are air and sea
 And light and love and gladness interwoven,
 Transfuses through this dusky shade of me.
 Dawn through my sense has cloven ;
 Joyance and light and love and melody in-woven.

3

Because I weep where none have wept ;
 And smile where none have smiled before ;
 And fuse the ills that intercept ;
 And melt the death-frost to its core :
 Because I reap where none have reaped,
 Since agéd eden barred its door,
 The song has through my bosom leaped,—
 Blithe song whose soul the Mother bore.
 It liberates to sense the peaceful years ;
 God-song in man,—the music of the spheres.

4

Where the White Dawn has through the measure cloven,
Hearts shall unloose to love, and eyes to see ;
Then through Love's blessed ones be interwoven
Pure marriage robes of timed eternity :
Man as live granite for the fount be cloven ;
His vital flesh in God-flesh interwoven.

5

Love pressed Her spear through utmost hell,
And ancient hades thrilled to kiss.
Love opened there the Mother's well :
Its foliaged fount, a tree of bliss,
Rained dewy perfumes : hill and dell,
Where desert folk had strayed amiss,
Came forth as sheep lured by the bell,
The Word-call of Queen Artemis.
So blossomed through Her zone the peaceful years :
Hades was wound in music of the spheres.

6

Where the White Dawn through utmost hell had cloven,
The sunken continent and buried sea
Rose, in moist airs and vernal heats enwoven.
There the Voiced Sun stood forth triumphantly,
Crying, "Let there be light!"—Death's bosom, cloven,
Heard and expired, in righteousness enwoven.

7

Because I see where none have seen,
 And own where ages have denied,
 I penetrate the shadowed screen ;
 Press through our Lord's love-wounded side ;
 With John upon His bosom lean ;
 With Mary at His feet abide.
 Lo, Christ is Christa'd in the Queen
 Of heavens, His own, the Loving Bride !
 Through heaven, earth, hell He leads the peaceful years,—
 The Bridegroom's voice, the music of the spheres.

V.

1

Thou LOVE, who hast borne in full bosom
 The births of the numberless years ;
 Who wearest the sun for a blossom ;
 Whose voice is the song of the spheres ;
 Because of Thy breaths that inspire me,
 Because of Thy joys that instill,
 Because of Thy seed that desire Thee
 To fill and fulfill ;

2

I ope from the treasured palace,
 That forms from Thy bosom in mine,
 A cup of God's gold for a chalice :
 It brims for Thy essence divine.
 I kiss by its rim to the Giver ;
 I quaff by a joyance in pain,
 Till song floods my heart as a river,
 Dissolved in bright rain.

3

I touch to the lyre that is hidden
In Life's all-mysterious place ;
I touch to the rose unforbidden,
Whence issues the dew of God's grace ;
I touch to the keynote that leadeth
God's music to flow and out-flow :
Then song, that in paradise feedeth,
Wings forth to bestow.

4

The naiads who sport in Thy waters,
The dryads who sport in Thy groves,
The fays who enamor Thy daughters
With notes as the cooing of doves,
The soul-seed who people Thy spaces,
The star-seed who brighten Thy shores,—
They wreath through immortal embraces,
Till song has wrought doors.

5

I worship to Thee and none other,
Since Love and Love's Lover are one,
Christ-Christa: 'tis thus I discover
Life's Life and the Sun of the sun.
Thou Daya, twain-oned unto Dayaus ;
Thou Helia-Helios, hail !
Thy heart-orb inthrills to array us ;
Thy heats shall not fail.

6

I kiss to the words of Thy praises,
 Till song is glad wine in my mouth ;
 Till life from its bulblet upraises
 A blossom-stalk bloomed as the south.
 Because of Thy holy anearment,
 Sensation, transfigured and fed,
 Is wrapt in Thy robe of endearment :
 To God-life 'tis wed.

VI.

1

To pierce, to penetrate man's natural mind,
 Locked in obstruction desolate and dense ;
 To liberate, soft as midsummer wind,
 God's breathness through the bosom's breathing sense ;
 Till inner truth is led to evidence
 By quickenings ; and faith awakes to sight
 And touch and hearing ; and the form's immense
 Reactive powers find liberty of might ;—
 Thou Love, Thou movest on by motions of delight.

2

This body must be made God's open court,—
 This flesh, wherein mankind has sinned and died,—
 And men to blessed habitudes revert,
 Dying to self-delights of lust and pride.
 This flesh, wherein Lord Christ is crucified,
 Wherein He finds no foothold of desire,
 Must thrill, to sovereign potencies allied,
 And overflow from Love with fontal fire ;
 Its motives all attuned as music from His lyre.

VII.

1

'Twas through his flesh that man with death was stricken :
 'Tis through the flesh, redeemed, mankind must quicken.
 Assuming flesh, the Word to earth descended :
 Transposing flesh, Christ glorified, death ended.
 Rounding again to earthly habitation,
 He makes transfigured flesh His revelation ;

2

Leading, through quickened and responsive senses,
 Blithe life-seed there, the fayland innocences,
 Gifts to new flesh : its fruitful open spaces
 Shape priestly kingdoms for such infant races :
 The fleshly realms englobe ; outfold to seven
 Spheres of delight, man's microcosmic heaven.

3

So the new flesh, Love's human microcosm,
 Buds unto God and opes in God to blossom.
 So flesh in God and God in flesh abideth.
 No sense unclean within that flesh resideth :
 No will unclean in such sensation willeth :
 No thought profane out of that flesh distilleth :

4

No birth unclean out of that flesh proceedeth.
 In God, for its delight, such flesh-sense feedeth :
 In God, for its one-twain, such fleshness marries :
 In God, for dear increase, such fleshness carries.
 God beams in them to mirror and forth-mirror :
 God founts in them to river and out-river.

5

They rise in man, as God-wine from its fountain :
 They build in man, as God-force to its mountain :
 They chant in man, as God-song with its playing :
 They charm in man, as God-bliss led a-maying :
 They breathe in man, as God-life in its vernal :
 They flower and fruit in man for life eternal.

VIII.

1

Thou Love, who ledest freedom in God's breath,
 To charm the sense by exquisite vibrations ;
 Whence melody is born, that minist'reth
 To song, immortal song, by warm pulsations ;
 Waking from sense to sense the infant nations
 Of thoughts, desires, delights within the frame ;—
 Thou liftest me, in orbs of inspirations,
 To that new time whose peoples shall proclaim,
 In Life's transfigured years, the One-Twain Bridal Name.

2

Sure I was blossomed from Thy vocal star ;
 Baptised into Thy fountains of delights ;
 Cradled in flesh to serve Thine avatar ;
 Soul-winged to rise above the days and nights
 Where sorrow dwelleth ; finding by swift flights
 Homeland with Thine, who sorrow not again.
 I hold in flesh Thy fairy amorites :
 My body-space makes garden, grove and glen ;
 For Thou didst re-create, and flesh was eden then.

3

Clad as the twain-one lilies of Love's field,
 I take no thought of miracle a-growing.
 My life into the Savior-life I yield,
 Rejoiced to live but for Love's dear bestowing.
 Lips open unto song as fountains flowing :
 I pulse with animations, that are fed
 As dawn is fed when sunrise hastes for showing.
 Youth, led through age, finds youth eterne, instead
 Of cold decay, wherein the ages shroud their dead.

4

"Ye shall see heaven opened, and the Son
 Descending." In my flesh 'tis even so.
 This flesh thrills on in vital unison
 With re-creative God : I feel, I know.
 White Dawn opes kindling to the promise bow.
 The wells that feed my heart leap fountain-wise.
 Eneast, my fairyland is all a-glow ;
 Its utmost height meets the divine uprise :
 Marriage is in my flesh, marriage of earth and skies.

5

I touch and taste and feel and hear and see
 The White Dawn in my bosom, pierced and riven.
 My timeness quivers where eternity
 Opens the heaven within to outer heaven.
 The obscure clouds that veiled the sense are driven
 By the swift wind, God's breath ; they trail afar.
 Wisdoms uplift by inspirations given :
 They constellate to shape the mind, a star,
 Whose lamp of light is fed to show the avatar.

IX.

1

The romance of life and its passion,
 The courage of life and its glee,
 Uplift to pure flame from their ashen;—
 Atlantis recrowned o'er the sea.
 The honors, the virtues, the valors
 Resplendent, immortal array;
 White Dawn glows disrobed of her pallors,
 Touched stately by Day.

2

I feel to the floors where Thou queenest,
 Thou Mother, God's Love, the Divine;
 For day, of all days the serenest,
 Breathes on through my bosom to eyne.
 I touch to Thy feet,—adoration.
 I touch to Thy bosom,—delight.
 I touch to Thy lips,—revelation
 For song in swift flight.

3

The concord of exquisite voices,
 Where fayland for worship endears,
 And Love in her infants rejoices,
 All choral, orchestral anears.
 The reeds, in my bosom that rivered,
 That arrowed ere sunrise began,
 And stood, for the bow-string unquivered,
 Now pipe for god Pan.

4

The world soul has risen to meet me ;
 She thrills through the flesh of my feet,
 Enamored, enwomaned to greet Thee,
 O Love! who dost draw by Thy heat.
 Yea, yea, and Thy sandals she seeketh ;
 Her feet in Thy foot-lift to twine :
 To dews of pale passion she breaketh :
 They fire to red wine.

5

The death-cold of desolate ages,
 That foots in all feet of the world,
 Shall break, for the luminous pages
 Of God-life in foot-lift unfurled.
 I kiss to Love's foot-lift all holy :
 Her violets blossom the sod :
 The amaranth springs and the moly,
 For life-blooms of God.

X.

1

He who transcended!—Song, leap forth as flame :
 Now be it spoken. He who first transcended,
 And so Man Righteousness in flesh became,
 Transcends through death and hell, and they are ended.

2

Transcended He to wear time's limitation ;
 As Human Orb in time-space to appear ?
 Lo! the formed universe, His revelation,
 Woke to His song,—the music of the sphere.

3

'Tis He, transcending for all paths of throughness,
 Transfuses through the paths, in-forming all ;
 Leading by newnesses eternal newness ;
 Transcendent for the flow and the recall.

4

Transcending still, He condescends, and ever
 Perfumes with gifts the universal space ;
 Transcendent in all gifts, the Boundless Giver
 Of life, truth, freedom to each quickening race.

5

Like as an eagle whom the whirlwinds carry,
 Thought is borne onward o'er time's cloudy wrack.
 I see the suns that inter-sweet and marry
 And bring forth world-seed, stars to glad their track.

6

Love-Lover ! from the smallest to the greatest,
 From psychic seed to heaven's arch-solar men,
 Enthroned in sex Thou evermore createst,
 And all that's born of Thee in-births again.

7

From God, of God, in God, to God the rounding.
 Love is our path where heavens from heavens unbar.
 Ever 'tis Love, ever 'tis Grace Abounding.
 In Love we shall abide ; of Love we are.

XI.

1

Transcendest Thou in me ? my form, a shadow,
A dewdrop on the leaf, a vocal reed,
Enspheres to mount and stream and grove and meadow,
Gladdened by fairy folk, Thy psychic seed.

2

Transcendest Thou ? songs in the soul are spoken :
The breaths of song upon my lips release.
Yea, bread of life out of my flesh is broken ;
And in that flesh Thou dwellest, and art Peace.

3

Transcendest Thou ? then selfness, man's first idol,
And his last enemy, dissolved and slain,
Gives place to pure unselfness chastely bridal,
And flesh, reborn, enshrines the One-in-Twain.

4

Transcendest Thou ? then in this earth of terrors,
Where none in Christ have of His Christa known,
My thought and mind and sense Her beauty mirrors ;
So Love breathes through me, breasting to Her own.

5

Transcendest Thou ? therefore the sex-form faileth
Its sense of shame and appetite of lust.
Then, Pure unto the pure, Her face unvaileth
In whom the wedded heavens repose and trust.

6

Transcendest Thou? so the abyss is shattered,
 Wherein the deadly passions warred and fed,
 And gifts wrought to the flesh, by rites unuttered,
 That grow to resurrection of the dead.

7

Transcendest Thou? Thy bosomed worths infold me ;
 Truth lights the brain, transforming to the rod.
 Thy breath inspires ; as clay Thy hands remold me.
 Yea, in my flesh of flesh I have seen God.

XII.

1

Thou Christus-Christa, bridal-wise,
 Thy dancing lights are in mine eyes ;
 Thy sportive breaths in bosom fire ;
 Therefore I rapture in desire.
 Therefore, as wavelets in their sea,
 I lift and flow to follow Thee.

2

As Atalanta's apple thrown,
 My song rolls on, a rounding zone,
 To thrill for wisdoms in the brain,
 To will the will till sense unchain,
 To lure the heart, the feet made free,
 To follow Her, to follow Thee.

3

Ever, in life's mysterious quest,
Thou art before, Supremest Best.
Ever, through life's appalling din,
Thou art the Silent Truth within.
Thy touch the soul, the sense weaves free.
Lives live eterne that follow Thee.

4

Thou Christus-Christa, nuptial sweet,
The path of heaven is in Thy feet.
The life of lives from Thee enflowers :
The worth of worths from Thee endowers :
The way of ways for path makes free.
Love's bridal home is shrined in Thee.

5

Thou Christus-Christa, Floor of floor,
We glide in Thee and stray no more.
Out of Thy east Thy Dawn gives light ;
Out of Thy west Love's hallowed night,
More dear, more blissful, till we see
Our resurrection orb'd in Thee.

XIII.

1

Men may find God-life in the transposition
Of sex to soul, for sex-life born anew.
Heaven through new sexual eyes may ope to vision,
And the One-Twain of heaven disclose to view.

2

Where shame hath hidden, shall unseal a glory ;
Where sex hath fettered, there God's freedom reign.
Where sex hath silenced, heaven reveal her story,
Chanting, " All Holy, Righteous One-in-Twain."

3

Christ-Christa, Ye dissolve the desecrated,
Till ashes heap in shells of old desire :
Then sex, in Sexual God, lifts re-created,
To fire its torch where Hymen's light breathes fire.

4

Seek the unselfness ; 'tis therein immortal
Sex loves of Christus-Christa weave their play.
New heaven's new Word-life seeks thereby the portal,
In Love's new flesh its word-seed to array ;

5

And lead below a race of men resplendent,
In whom unselfness, quickened from the birth,
Shall lift, by honors, virtues, graces tendant,
Terrestrial angels of immortal earth.

6

O World, O Time ! ye that so long have waited,—
Waited in grief whilst Love in tears hath sown,—
Life's Re-creator leads His re-created ;
His Love shall feed them from Her marriage throne.

7

And there shall be no tears, nor any dying,
Nor any lapse or loss ; but God-time then ;
And heaven shall orb the world for pure enskying,
And ope bright gates to claim ascended men.

XIV.

1

Exalt ye the Lady of angels.

Bid song in Her worship aspire :
Let bosoms uplift for evangels :

Be loves Her melodious choir.
Let constellate suns of the zenith

Ray forth Her delights to full bloom :
She stoops in white dawn where She queeneth ;
Her feet on the tomb.

2

Blithe footsteps ! where winter, full rigored,

Encamped o'er the hosts of the slain,
She glides, and Her style is transfigured,
To still and encompass the pain.

She stoops, and the loved ones who fainted,
The lost ones in sorrow's decay,
Are quickened and wedded and sainted ;
Enshrined in Her day.

3

No song in Her glory she needeth,

No honor of worship, but this,
That hearts should receive where She seedeth,
And blossom and fruit in Her bliss ;
Till snows from all bosoms are drifted,
All flesh in Her Fleshness implied,
And womanhood, quickening, gifted
To bride in the Bride.

4

4

Exalt Her, in splendor exalt Her,
 The Goddess, earth's Lovely Desire ;
 The world of all hearts for Her altar,
 The world of all loves for Her choir ;
 The world of all eyes for Her glory,
 Pure lamps for the lights of Her shrine ;
 The world of all songs for Her story ;
 Our Mother Divine.

XV.

1

Humanity's chilled aspirations,
 Aroused by earth's Lovely Desire,
 Must leap as the vast conflagrations,
 That flame when the sun souls respire ;
 And loose, by God's pleasure winds laden,
 Fire oceans of luminous bloom,
 That lift for the birth of new aidenn,
 As babe from the womb.

2

Earth rocks on the eve of a crisis,
 Upborne on time's breast as a sea :
 Its flesh is dissolvent as ice is,
 When summer the arctic sets free ;
 Its nerves, where the solar dilations
 Infuse the white blood for its play,
 Are tremulous all with vibrations
 Of God-rise in day.

3

As eagles in airy dominions,
 That feel to the storm voice that cries,
 And haste by swift mights of strong pinions
 In luminous ethers to rise,
 Thoughts lift that have eyne to enmirror
 Event that is shadowed before :
 They rise o'er the storm of earth's terror ;
 The darkness forlore.

4

We feel Her, and ardors shape blossom,—
 The Goddess, the Mother benign :
 We taste of the milk of Her bosom ;
 We fold in that bosom divine.
 Close, close, ere the planet is cloven,
 We nest as Her doves in their tree.
 In robes all with shadow enwoven
 Her coming shall be.

XVI.

1

The day sinks down like a diver
 Who vails in the ocean's whirl,
 To rise in the dawn's white portal,
 Wearing his crown of pearl.

2

The day is gone as a martyr
 Who dies in the red rose fire,
 To lift in the Light Imparter,
 And chant to the solar lyre.

3

The day retires as a lover
 Vailed in Love's bridal breast,
To rise in the glow above her
 When stars for the sunrise crest.

4

The day, who at forge and hammer
 Aye as god Vulcan plies,
Wielding through strife and clamor
 Swords for the warrior skies,

5

Rests where the lights are dying ;
 Closes the furnace bars,
While sparks, from his anvil flying,
 Flame as the trooping stars.

6

The day as a sainted vestal
 Vails in life's twilight shrine,
To rise in the bower of crystal,
 Whose lamps are the morning shine.

7

I turn from the outer daylight.
 The joyful repose is won.
I rest in the sportive fay light,
 In robes of the fay loom spun.

8

Our Mother has lit the torches
 That sparkle from eye to eye :
She opens, through blossomed porches,
 Her palace of "Never-die."

XVII.

1

Thought knew through tranced slumbers
 The Voice in arch-numbers,
 The song of Man-Womanly Word.
 The soul ears, they heard it ;
 The sense lips averred it ;
 The Voice, as the song of a bird.
 Melodious, folden
 In airs that glide golden
 In sunrise from fourthness to third,
 They share it, they bear it,
 Till language declare it,
 As wine for the banquetings poured.

2

In earth time's december,
 As ages remember,
 As sages and minstrels have said,
 The Lord of the ages
 Was worshiped by mages ;—
 Humanity's seed yet its Head.
 Babe wondrous, all holy,
 By virgin pure lowly
 Yet mother, embosomed He fed.
 Drew milk from her bosom
 By lips all a blossom ;—
 He, He who is life from the dead.

3

Time passes ; earth shaken
 Till spring-tide awaken.
 The Christ-seed, that grew from the womb,
 Diffuses through nature,
 Impregnates the creature,
 Weaves life through humanity's loom ;
 In night as the morning,
 Impleading, forewarning ;
 Yet bideth as Christ in the tomb.
 Abides in all bearing ;
 All sharing, all daring,—
 Starred sun in tempestuous gloom ;
 Abides in all sweetness ;
 Love-Lover's completeness ;
 Infinity's birth and its bloom.

4

As One who invited ;
 As One who incited
 All flesh to Love's bridals His lore ;
 As One flesh-unmated,
 Who loyally waited
 The Bride who from nuptials forbore.
 As One eye concealing
 Sex-sense from revealing
 He shone, yet as martyr forlore.
 Now, now, as the Bridegroom,
 Arrayed in full bride-bloom,
 One-Twain He beams forth for our Door.

5

Twain-One to One-Twainness,
His Being opes chainless,
Till Yessa from Jesus glides free ;
The flow of Love's fountain
From Truth, its orb'd mountain ;
The swell from its shore of the sea ;
One-Twain to all senses,
Dissolving offenses ;
Life's gladness and glory and glee ;
The Infinite Laughter ;
The Here in Hereafter ;
United as doves in their tree.

6

New flesh shall behold Her ;
Its bosom enfold Her,
In Her for espousals to be.
Through Her generation,
Rebirth, re-creation ;
New babehood uplift on Her knee.
All truths find their witness
In speech of Her fitness ;
All joys in Her joyance agree.
All realms of life's order
Display on Her border
Man-child, in Her freedom word-free.

7

Time's vast expectation
 Finds realization.
 The sound of the song of Her sphere
 Vibrates through the planet,
 With joy-winds to fan it ;
 Breeds ardors of infinite cheer.
 New seed of Love's earth time
 Fold Her for sweet birth time ;
 All births in Her Beauty appear.
 Her sacraments carriage
 Heaven-earth to full marriage.
 Her chariots roll for the bier.
 In Her the ascension ;
 The open dimension ;
 Eternity rounding the year. —
 Lift thou in Her flowing,
 Blithe song, for bestowing,
 And they who have heart, let them hear.

XVIII.

1

There are two fleshnesses, one Man, one Woman ;
 Two natural lives, implied in sex desire ;
 Two word geists, formed to sex divinely human ;
 Two natural souls that each from each respire ;
 Two spirit souls that in each other fire ;
 Two spirits each the other that possess.
 So Twain-in-One the Awful Mother-Sire ;
 So Jesus-Yessa to our faith express,
 Revealed, God Righteousness-in-Holiness.

2

'Tis so from fourths, implied in third dimension,
 The Infinite in-finite is revealed ;
 Touching the one-twained creature apprehension ;
 Making of quickening flesh an open field.
 Organ by organ so the flesh unsealed,
 Transposed, transmuted, with divineness sown ;
 That plastic flesh with fiery vigor steeled ;
 Being made free for God's desire alone,
 Owning the High One-Twain who orb the bridal throne.

3

There is a Fleshliness of Righteousness ;
 A Substanced Righteousness, that Lives, to wed
 Into its Fleshliness of Holiness.
 It forms thereby a Twain-One Flesh, the bed
 Wherein They weave perpetual bridalhead,
 And by full sacraments of love agree
 To form, and to inheaven, and aye dispread
 For creature lives the space-world, set to be
 Home of Their twain-one fold in timed eternity.

4

So man, a spirit-flesh, of God created,
 Lifts as a blossom from the Worded seed ;
 The end wherefore the universe awaited ;—
 Purely a formed wantness and its need ;
 A wingéd essence, aye whose wants implead
 For light, love, freedom, sense and sweet desire ;
 An imaged likeness of the Word indeed ;
 Seeking perpetual bridals, and the choir
 Of the divine delights ;—the music of God's lyre.

5

So in God Sexual the creature lives,
 And of God Sexual its form implies.
 Image in likeness thus God Sexual gives.—
 Man, void of woman, evermore denies.
 Man, void of woman, is a void that plies
 In its own hollowness to break and fail.
 Man, void of woman, finds not paradise :
 From soul to sense grown obsolete and stale,
 His shapes of seeming life to vacancy exhale.

6

So in God Sexual religion thrives,
 For mind of mind and heartiness of heart.
 So from God Sexual religion wives ;
 Marries by counterpart to counterpart ;
 Breeds for immortals in her nuptial mart.—
 She, who is here by halfnesses insealed,
 Strives on till severed halves, that now avert,
 Unite in Bridal God, their sun and shield ;
 Immortal women-men, Love's flesh their blossomed field.

7

The Breath that finds time's helpless barque at sea,
 And wafts it sweetly to the fruitful shore ;
 The Breath that liberates the frozen lea
 To ripened cheer from blossom in full store ;
 The Breath that smites the pestilence that bore
 Delirium, devastation on its wings,
 And made the widowed households weep forelore,—
 To break the might of all its triumphings,
 That Breath inspires me now ; I echo as She sings.

XIX.

1

Incarnate, slain, arisen, glorified,
 Proceeding, Man made flesh, from first to last,
 Lord Jesus one with Yessa, Groom and Bride,
 Through the first round of Saviorhood has passed ;
 Redemption leading, selflessness to men.
 Now He rounds on to worlded flesh again.

2

In time He rounds from His eternal year ;
 In space He rounds from infinite of space,
 All Heart, all Eye, all Sense ; to eye and ear,
 To being, action, passion, speeds the race.
 His touch is to all touchness, and His breath
 Respires through heavens, else heavens would fail in death.

3

His Limitless assumes the limited.
 He closes, and He opens to unclose.
 He loosens founts on time's dusk watershed,
 Where earthly mortals hold their camp of woes :
 The ice-fields fail : He sets the flood a-flow :
 Deliverer He, impassioned to bestow.

4

Earth moans ; time struggles ; death with hungry eyes
 Tears at the flesh ; insatiate age leads pain.
 Sleep through wild dreams for fantasy implies,—
 Sleep that should ope to greet the One-in-Twain.
 The under world is shaken ; terrors wake :
 Fear, unbelief, dismay as bubbles break.

5

Disordered sex the passions ravined through,
To feed therein and from the feeding die ;
Or breed, to simulate and lift to view
Soul seed implied in lust's heredity,
Disfeatured, caged in animal, and curst
Beyond the curse with appetite reversed.

6

Disordered sex for death spat venom'd flame,
And made Love's holy sacrament a lie,
Begun in folly to complete in shame,
And fail in desolate vacuity,
And whirl the sense to specters that infest,
And make the Bridal Word the worldling's jest.

7

Disordered sex, by Truth's restraint it led
Insanity through reason and life's will.
It made inanity its horizon,
In treacherous rain love's essences to spill ;
Shaped in a corse religion's vital bed,
And coiled therein to worms that in it bred.

8

Disordered sex, it stormed through poesy,
Through romance, culture, fashion, beauty, art,
To shame the Goddess in Her mystery ;
So to dehumanize the woman's heart.
It coiled the serpent through her sacred zone ;
Dissolved her to a wraith by whirlwinds blown.

9

Disordered sex, it closed religion in
To fantasy and infamy : it set
A seal where Love's pure lays to music win :
It slew the inspirations that beget
For flesh the truth of truth and good of good :
It barred the grove where eden's Life-tree stood.

10

Disordered sex, by it the ancients fell :
Therein first man failed from his pure estate.
Thence common lust drew forth and fashioned hell :
Its common womb wrought ruin's open gate.
By it all woes enlarge to full career,
And all earth's ages worsen to their bier.

11

Disordered sex, thereby false ego's worm
Lifts in man's intellect ;— himself his god :
It whirls and changes there, a protean form,
To work foul magic by its serpent rod ;
Until the snake, fed in his brain, finds wings
For worlded rule by mystagogues and kings.

12

Disordered sex to chain the world enchains,
Till crushed humanity lies bruised and bare ;
Death as a frozen sea in all its veins.—
Christ enters sex, dissolving foul to fair ;
Yea, as God Hymen, by the torch whose fire
Drips bridal flame, lights in His flesh her pyre.

13

Christ's first round met the individual :

Then separate souls he drew from out the mass ;
Lifting them so, whose fleshness wrought a pall,

From out their passioned outwardness to pass :
Lost to their form its natural degree ;
Saved to inheaven in souled felicity.

14

His second round is to man's wholeness led ;

To the large wholeness of our human race.

His flesh is for mankind, till man imbed

Into that flesh, and find Impassioned Grace,
Our Lady of Sensation, wrought indeed
Our Mother, on whose breast our life shall feed.

15

Song enters thence into the infantile

First passions of Love's new, reborn mankind.

But now the song is hushed, till urns refill,

To flow for blissful melodies, and find
Delightsome welcome in the hearts that know
Their Twain-One Savior, blest, believing so.

IN DAWNRISE.

PART SECOND.

IN DAWNRISE.

XX.

1

INTO the atmospheres of God revert,
For new beginnings of Love's rounding year.
Wert thou afflict of time and pained and hurt?
New powers in holy pleasurings anear.
While the blithe fays in bosom land disport,
Attune the senses, fold the life in cheer.

2

God Hymen, Goddess Hymenea, Twain,
Into such Presence by delights I wing,
To posture Jesus-Yessa; to distain,
The tangled web of cares unraveling;
To wake the delicate aerial train
Of infant loves, in wisdomings a-wing.

3

On time's last limit stands the sentinel
Who guards the frontier of the World of Grace.
He meets me by the "hail" and the "farewell."
The Mother's foot-lift draws me to Her space.
As a blithe babe, departed from its bell,
I rise enchanted to Her blessing place.

4

What realm is this?—Sure 'tis God Hymen's land.
 My form as infant Eros leaps to glee ;
 Transforms as youthful Cupid, so to stand,
 A child man, brave at Hymeneæ's knee ;
 Welcomed to God-time by Her bridal band ;
 Touched by Love's eyes, in pleasure lights to see.

5

Far to new west what isled Vesperides,
 Vailed in the violet purples of the eve !
 Far to new east what isled Hesperides,
 Kissed by white dawn-lights of the "never-grieve!"
 O'er continentéd lands and spheréd seas,
 Hesper to Vesper chanting, they enweave.

6

Now a strong rise.—On to Love's rapture brink !
 The Mother in Her ocean is a-flow.
 Upon its marge I rest : the senses drink
 Color from flowing light with love a-glow ;
 Unloose to chains of blisses link by link,
 Enfolding to a clasp as lovers know.

7

One may see God in millionfold of ways,
 By millionfold of aspects, Babe to Boy ;
 See God Minute, as visioned by the fays,
 Till from minute grows millionfold of joy ;
 See God Imperial in arch-solar rays ;
 Breathe millioned on to multiplied employ.

8

One may see God ; yet, never to oppress,
He graduates by Form from Great to Small.
Ever He standeth by the eye to bless ;
Aye to unfold and never to enthrall.
God opens life its blossom to confess :
He opens heaven, Love's eachness in Her all.

9

Harp, Harper, Harpiste!— God in heaven is known :
All angels float in music from the strings :
God is revealed in them by time and tone ;
In choral anthems they exalt to wings.
She who is Hymenea feeds Her own,
Whom to such bosomed paradise She brings.

10

One orbiting bliss in Her minutest feet,
One globuled thought in Her minutest brain,
One rounding glow in Her minutest heat,
One spherulic song in Her minutest strain,
One birth of breath in Her, the Paraclete
I felt. Song woke to flowing as full rain.

11

But thence methought my joy-life rose in Her ;
Rose, led through vital veins of eden's tree,
Midst whirls of floating blossoms, all astir
By perfumed haloes to encompass me.
In resurrection so I disinter,
A babe born innocent, in song made free.

XXI.

1

Exalt through earth's tempest Thy scepter ;
 Enorb Thou, O Lord, for Thy globe.
 Display, through the dark that o'erswept her,
 Thy song in Love's luminous robe.
 O'er marshes where chambered the dragons,
 Ride on by the might of the lyre :
 Flood wine of delight from the flagons,
 To fall as bright fire.

2

Abide thou in God for thy real,
 Thou song, through the Goddess to spring ;
 To chant the divine hymeneal,
 Till paradise with thee shall wing.
 Thy lips, bid them drip with Her spices ;
 Envalley Her sweets in thy breast,
 To fall, ere Her shadow apprises,
 For odors of rest.

3

She bade thee in night watch, "remember !"
 She lifts thee by dawn, through the sighs
 Of sorrows in earthland that chamber,
 To cheer and illumine and apprise.
 Glide thou in Her breath,—visitation,—
 O'er bosoms that ope to in-sea.
 Make voice in Her manifestation,
 Its herald to be.

XXII.

1

Drink of God's cup, the holy grail,
To dare and do and never fail.
The flesh Lord Jesus gave and ate
Shall in thee re-substantiate,
And Yessa's milk resolve to wine,
Led from Her bosom into thine.

2

Drink of Love's cup, the holy grail,
To bud and blossom and unvail.
Flesh shall evolve by Yessa's charms,
To nerve thee as a soul in arms ;
A warrior angel, service free,
Enorbed in Her for victory.

3

Drink of Faith's cup, the holy grail,
Heights of celestial truth to scale ;
To stand in Jesus, wrought in good ;
To fuse His life in flesh and blood ;
When shadow folds the planet's brim,
To walk the sea of life with Him.

4

Drink thou, until the dews that gem
Shall sparkle to a diadem.
Drink so, until the drops that fall
Shall leap as fountains to thy call.
Drink on, until the wine shall rise
For clustered grapes of paradise.

5

Drink till a many shall be fed
 Of Him in Her with living bread ;
 Till days and nights to seasons roll
 Pregnant with virtue, filled with soul.
 Drink, till thy fleshly mind and rod
 Hold for their stay Incarnate God.

XXIII.

1

The seasons that serve expectation
 Are feeble and fleeting and few.
 The forces that lead re-creation
 Swift flight in the dawning pursue.
 The shadows lean over time's dial ;
 They lengthen, envail and unite.
 Desire leads her flame through denial.
 At eve shall be light.

2

Lord Jesus, in sepulcher folden,
 A sun in dim twilight sank down,
 To rise in the morn-tide full golden,
 The day o'er His brow for a crown.
 Through nature He swept the vibration
 That opened the doors of the tomb ;
 Bore fleshness to free revelation ;
 Shone robed in life's bloom.

3

The light of Him flamed o'er the Roman,—
 The guards who the sepulcher kept.
 They saw Him, death's triumphing foeman :
 O'erwhelmed in the splendor they slept.
 Thus, thus shall it be when He cleaveth
 The doors where mankind is His grave,
 And earth, in Love's dawn-light, receiveth
 God, mighty to save.

4

Time turns in her trance to remember,—
 Entranced on her desolate bed,—
 The tomb and the Bride in its chamber ;
 Love Yessa to Jesus inwed.
 Time knew the Twain-One when she met Him :
 His years in their round reäpprise.
 Time holds ;—she may never forget Him.
 Time waits, till He rise.

XXIV.

1

The airs grow delicate ; upon the eaves
 Of Easter Dawn the white doves coo and breed.
 Song in the Holy Comfortress inweaves ;
 Chants in high words of the apostle's creed.
 Christ's church in heavens of heavens at-one receives
 Her who through Father-Son doth aye proceed.—
 While song to thrill blithe lips its rose has cloven,
 List to the lay, in Easter bridals woven.

2

Dance thou, my song; full choral be thy voice,—
Thy voice of many minstrelsies in one.
Weave spring-tide through thy measures and rejoice,
In bosomed bliss of paradise begun.
Soul, clasp therein the blithe, the blessed choice :
Own Jesus-Yessa, till, a daughter-son,
Thou with thy spousal counterpart shalt stand,
As Cupid-Psyche, in God Hymen's land.

3

On Easter dawn the stony sepulcher
Lay open, and Man Jesus, glorious, free,
Stood forth from shadowhood to disinter;
In His transfigured flesh stood royally,
The King of kings, Life's Fulness, to confer,
On coming realms of time's humanity,
Gifts of the resurrection, and unchain
Earth and earth's heaven to blessings of His reign.

4

Yea, Jesus held Love Yessa, Sweet of sweet;
And He upbore by Her all Bridegroom-wise;
And She was music in His vibrant feet;
And She was flame and transport in His eyes;
And She young summer in His bosomed heat,
Transposed by sweetest flesh to skies in skies;
And in His breasted valor dwelt Her train
Of womanly brave ardors to attain.

5

And in His orbiting spring-tide dwelt Her birds,
A-caroling for joyances divine ;
And on His lips Her kisses, hived for words
Of life and hope and comforting benign.
He touched to earth, to heaven, by breathful chords ;
High God, who is High Priest in Being's shrine,
Pontificating so in fleshly robe
Colored gold red, the Savior of the globe.

6

So He updrew saints from the under world,
Where they had waited, tranced of bliss in woe ;
And through His in-flesh heaven for them unfurled ;
And they streamed upward in His rising so.
Through Yessa's flesh of purities impearled
They drew transfiguration, all a-glow ;
Bathed in Her fountain ; of Her clusters ate,
That they, in-fleshed, might transubstantiate.

7

So they in Him-Her found God Hymen's shore,
And Jesus there, all as God Hymen blest.
And so they stood in Him who is the Door ;
And Goddess Hymenea wove a rest
About them in Her bowers of "grieve-no-more."
And She Her seal into their bosoms prest ;
And they were in the Lord for blessed space,
Yea, in the Goddess Lady of God's grace.

8

They were inheavened in God's Infancy,
 To find life's fairyland of hills and plains,
 And edens wound in belted forestry.
 Love's fountains rose and rivered in their veins.
 They inmosted, as fairy youths to be,
 And fairy maidens,—loss reborn to gains.
 They knew their inmosts then as Worded seed:
 Jesus to them shone as God Fay indeed.

9

Of origins they touched the secret old;
 The hidden mystery were led to know;
 Lord Jesus met through eyes of morning gold;
 Found the fay counterpart, whence bridals go.
 Yea, as blithe Word-births budded to unfold,
 Where Yessa beams as Mother Joys-Bestow;
 Wedded in primal origins, began
 Thence to shape forth, angelic woman-man.

10

"Touch Me and feel to Me, for this is I;
 No geist, but Man of utmost flesh to ye."
 So Jesus taught, intent to give the lie
 To the false witness of false spirituality.
 "Handle and see Me, not yet veiled in sky;
 But flesh to flesh upon time's dusky sea."
 Pure flesh, inviolate and free from blame,
 From Mary wombed, in this the Master came.

11

Into His fleshliness our faith impleads,
Incarnate through the resurrection gates.
He by His flesh unto our flesh proceeds :
His flesh to change our fleshliness awaits.
Through that Dear Body, perfect to our needs,
Our fleshliness transposes, reinstates.
He is our Life, our Light, our Love, our Head,
And in His flesh our rising from the dead.

XXV.

1

The Fairy Priest pontificates,
The fairy choir, it sings :
The fairy congregation waits,
To hear the word he brings,
And fairy ears, they open gates
To claim the gift that wings.

2

The Fairy Priest with hands uplift,
Bowed brow and bended knee,
From the Fay Savior sought a gift :
Illumed, inspired rose he.
Then speech was from his lips adrift,
As bloom from eden's tree.

3

“United States,” this was his text;
Society his theme.
The thoughts unto his theme annexed,
As wave-blooms to their stream,
And loves to knowings they in-sexed,
To lift good-truth supreme.

4

“From Fatherland through Motherland,
All gifts to joys impart.
So led, all truths of virtue stand
In heart of One-Twain Heart.
Through bridegroom band to bridal band,
They flame, they fire, they dart.

5

“’Tis through united states, again,
Man fays to maidens wed,
And love-founts in the garden glen
Of Ladyhood make head :
They flow to rivulets, and then
They spray and blooms are fed.

6

“Therefore we rise as blossoms tall,
And in one faith agree.
We thrive as bridegroom lilies all,
Bride lilies bloomily.
We open for the loves in call ;
We ripen rich and free.

7

“ We dance through doors of social sport
To ope Religion’s shrine.
We married folk as lovers court ;
New joys in old entwine,
After this manner ; joys revert
To God and re-divine.

8

“ Rounds, rounding, rounded ! zoned we roll
Through seasons one to three.
The God Fay, through His fairy soul,
Enseeds us : breathe and see.
So in the written year a scroll-
Of God-fulfill must be.

9

“ But, ere the new-born Easter opes,
Our Savior Year, it sleeps.
Then joy, that stood in fairy hopes,
Is joy that folds in deeps.
Then on the fairy hills and slopes
Rain for renewal weeps.

10

“ Yet when the holy Easter breaks,
’Tis through the Savior doors ;
And when the blessed Easter wakes,
The Savioress restores.
New life, in joys to powers, She makes :
We rise upon Her floors.

11

“Thus shall it be, I prophesy,
When Earth shall end her swoon.
Our Mother o’er that land I see,
White orbéd as Judgment Moon ;
And She will veil, all blissfully,
Her face in shadow soon.”

12

The Fay Priest ended : openly
New God-rise rayed his eyes ;
And there were chimes of minstrelsy
From loftier fairy skies.
So kiss-time came, and all a-glee
Pressed lips to God-in-rise.

XXVI.

1

The verse like antique Memnon stands,
Sculptured above time’s shrunken sands ;
Kissed by the dawnrise, vocal, free,
Articulate with melody.
God Jesus carves Truth’s hieroglyph
Into it, as a star-browed cliff,
High o’er the lowly growths of time,
And luminous from morning clime.

2

The verse, o'er Zion's crucifix,
Births in the thorn crown, stained with pricks,
To show full sight, in love-light warm,
Of the transfigured Savior form.
Thought, so uplifted, holds to eyes
The image of the Savior-rise,
And thought, so borne, shapes to confess
Love Yessa, owned as Savioress.

3

So on this Easter eve, while night
Rests mantled in serene delight,
I turn the mirror of the mind,
To hold Love Yessa, still, reclined,
Wreathéd within Him, while She kept
Sweet wife-watch and the Savior swept,
Borne in swift flight through ethers free,
To greet His own on Galilee.—

4

New Galilee, 'tis ocean-wide.
All seas the planet that divide,
And clasp and lift and spray and shore
All isles and realms the planet bore;—
New Galilee! its brink expands
Through hades, dusk with sunken lands;—

5

Through earth, wherever heart hath heart ;
 Where'er the Savior-gifts impart ;
 Where'er its wall holds Yessa's wall ;
 Where'er its pulse owns Yessa's call ;
 Where'er its clusters own Her vine ;
 Where'er its cup holds Yessa's wine ;—

6

Where'er its dawns embrace Her light ;
 Where'er its seasons fold Her might ;
 Where'er its hands upbuild Her towers ;
 Where'er its faith-touch opes Her flowers. —
 The planet where She shrines impearled
 Shall be Her world ; Love's bridal world.

XXVII.

1

Ere the born babe the breast adorns,
 The verse that rouses and forewarns
 Is chanted by the midwife norns.

2

The statue breathes within the stone :
 It felt the quivering marble groan :
 It clave, it rose, it spake and shone.

3

Ever, when times to finals run,
 'Tis the incredible that's done ;
 'Tis the impossible that's won.

4

Why is it that the angels fail?
Touching to earth's benumbing pale,
Their mights to emptiness exhale.

5

The quivering marble has not grown,—
Only the vacuo of stone.
Likeness is there, but image none.

6

Jesus took on our humanhood;
Wreathed in authentic flesh and blood.
Where angels failed He breathed and stood.

7

Jesus in fleshliness was clad.
Where ego ravaged and forbade,
The front of touch He held and had.

8

Ever 'tis point of touch that tells.
The pivot point was His; the hells
Jangled and burst like smitten bells.

9

Hades may shape as specter-wise,
By seemings may materialize,
But the frail wraith to vacuo flies.

10

Earth bars against angelic force:
Heaven's urgent better wakes a worse:
Heaven's blessing but provokes a curse.

11

Angels,—their bodies of delight
Likenessed, not imaged, urge no might,
Where ego holds the fleshly height.

12

Ego is one,—earth's hosts at bay,—
Its instincts all to smite and slay :
Death fashions in its fruits away.

13

Till Jesus makes mankind his door,
The swarming bacteri, the spore,
Hold power in flesh, than angels more.

14

Truth's faithful witness at the pyre
Must with his fleshness feed the fire.
Why should the man of God expire ?

15

Heaven, that with sympathy o'erflows,
Wafts fragrance from its petalled rose.—
That doth not woo the flames to close.

16

Spirits who find earth's shadowed base,
Wreathing the spectrum's wasting face,
May touch, sight, posture and embrace ;

17

May linger as the fading wrack ;
May grieve and trouble, scent and track.
They, but by phantoms, come not back.

18

Only 'tis spectra that appear :
Only 'tis shadows that uprear.
They are not here ; they are not here.

19

False magic twines from out its worms ;
Combines, condenses and confirms
The larve in seeming fleshly terms.

20

Magic of magic has led forth,
And organized in sensual earth
The reptile man, a curse from birth.

21

But angels ne'er sow human seed,
As fleshliness to shape and heed.
No Savior Birth by them indeed.

22

At the impassable they stand,—
The frontier of their shining land :
The staffs unstaff, the wands unwand.

23

The rains of inspiration fall,
To deaden, darken and enthrall :
The blossoms waste upon the pall.

24

'Tis by the breath and in the blood,
The flaming fire of loves that flood,
God rises through our humanhood.

25

The cold abstractionist, diswound
Where sympathies hold fleshly ground,
Shapes ice in lifeless matter bound.

26

Nature and matter are not one.
Atomic cells, in vacuo spun,
Shape matter, vital, real none.

27

Nature is matter impregnate,
Filled with twain lives that must create
And through each other generate.

28

From the simplicity of firsts,
Nature into its complex bursts ;
It breathes, it blooms, nor wastes nor worsts.

29

Borne in the All-Creative Flame,
Nature becometh and became ;—
No form of sin or sinful shame ;

30

The unified diversity,
In past, in present and to be ;
Field of God's operative glee ;

31

The inlet of the gifts that force
To feed and fill Life's universe ;
The channel for Love's rivered course ;

32

The harp whereby the music wings;
The ear wherein the rhythm sings,
When God, the Harpist, sweeps the strings;

33

The sentient lyre, whence octaves run
Through vital measures, twained in one,
To heavens of heavens from sun of sun.

34

'Tis through such diatonic mesh
The Word-seed weaves, by births afresh,
To likeness flesh, thence image flesh.

35

Likeness and image so appear;
Birth-cycles of God's human year
Round to their terms, and man is here.

36

Order from God attunes and springs;
Lives in the fitnesses of things.
Order through order weaves and wings.

37

Compact and luminous of brain
That man must be who would unchain,
To hold God's order, and remain.

38

In order, sphered as in a bell,
He may in-ear the vibrant swell
Of chimes whereby the ages tell.

39

In order, wingéd as a bird,
He may fly forth where morn is heard ;
Drawn to Love's breast, the Mother Word.

40

In order sped, he may return,
Through life eterne to life diurne,
With births that breathe in loves that burn.

41

So, chanting o'er the shadowed coast,
Hades may hear : he thrills their host,
From Her who is the Holy Ghost.

42

Yea, if perchance some, here or there,
Who sleep in fleshly dust, should care,
Where earth-bound mortals breed despair,

43

They shall awake, believe and trust ;
And live to Love, that quenches lust ;
And quickening of the fleshly dust.

44

Impassables that angels met,
Incredibles that mortals fret,
Fail in God's Easter and forget.

45

The statue cleaves the quickening stone ;
Meter and rhythm, time and tone.—
The fire-trump of God's breath is blown.

XXVIII.

1

Aye I survive ; yet only as because
 Jesus makes place in mine infirmity ;
 A Word-birth, whose fay people to Him draws,
 Harps in His bosom, rythms to His knee ;
 Shapes in new flesh, by re-creative laws,
 Space-likeness to twain-one felicity.

2

I hold God's order to fleshed outermost,
 But only by the first and least of term.
 Ego, through male and female, larve and ghost,
 Turns on that order as a worlded worm.
 I stand as one upon an alien coast ;
 New woman-man, new fleshness to confirm.

3

Whilst I awake I hold mine outness free ;
 Free as in part, that flesh may grow and thrive ;
 But, when the brain-lights lessen wearily,
 Obedient will, that aye must hold and strive,
 Draws from the senses, in uplift to be :
 Then the destructive ego storms their hive.

4

Whilst I awake I know to love and serve,
 Set in a pivot, to a circle wound.
 Faith holds me so from spirit unto nerve.
 The vorticed consciousness pursues a round ;
 And, if it seem to pause or lose the curve,
 I breathe and battle to the line refund.

5

Well, I am "fanatic," and "fool," and "knave";
 My name a theme of wrath on evil tongues;
 "An aged impostor footing to the grave";
 "A black magician working occult wrongs."
 "Others he saved, himself he cannot save,"
 Cry betters, "not by science, soul or songs."

6

Many call to me, land by land afar.
 More by a secret instinct to me turn,
 Who feel time's feet urged on to avatar;
 But in their griefs I burden most; I yearn
 To their pained flesh; my fleshly doors ajar
 Chill to their chills and in their fevers burn.

7

For sufferers, the most of all mankind,
 Are they who for the Word-life concentrate;
 Who to the Word-lore hold an open mind;
 Who for the Word-fulfilment hope and wait.
 Ego assails them by fierce wraths entwined;
 They are most blest; they are most desolate.

8

Yet, living so, I have no rest to foot;
 No blessing-place wherein my head to lie.
 Yea, were mine house of toil an outcast's hut,
 Still 'twould be stormed on by Word's enemy.
 I can but hold, the death-force to rebut:
 Purpose will live! therefore flesh doth not die.

9

Since Jesus doth as to all conscript sons,
 Doubt cries, "thy Master is not Christ at all.
 Thou art a vessel but for ghostly ones."
 So doubt cries, onward to the great from small,
 "One failure through all sacred scripture runs;
 One promise, and one failure, to one fall."

10

I never find a night but that renews,
 In fleshly toil, the labors of the day.
 From ego's vomit-pit ascend and loose
 The poisonous vapors that inject decay.
 The deaths of man their deadliness infuse.
 Toils upon toils, to mountains they array.

11

Part truth is this; the numbers fain must halt;
 The hint, the spark, the shadow I but give.
 God knoweth 'tis not that I self-exalt:
 Unselfness in me, that alone doth live.
 My pivot point, though in time's deadliest vault
 'Tis placed, the whirl-force is not fugitive.

12

Yet the life-wheel, whereby the wisdoms lift;
 The life-wheel whereby plastic flesh is wrought;
 Whereby new fleshnesses to freedom gift;
 Whereby flesh ripens on to living thought;—
 That wheel of Word-force, whirling through the drift,
 Might, but for faith, seem but to serve for nought.

13

It turns, in God, to reilluminate ;
 Then light divine, through sense that shows clear glass,
 Breathes from the Word-rise, and the rays create
 Faiths, honors, blessings, powers : whereso they pass.
 The re-creation kindles o'er its gate ;—
 Yet flesh a-wearies : oft I cry “ alas !”

14

Molecules break, to globe in animates ;
 Instincts transform, to instincts born divine.
 The new creation in me antedates.
 The future times in present times recline.
 I hold in Jesus for the ultimates ;
 But ultimates weave slow in flesh of mine.

15

Impatiences were conquered long ago.
 Patient in tribulation long I fed ;
 Patient in expectation, while the woe
 Is wasting, till the evil time drops dead.—
 Still the impatient ones who love me so
 Weigh on the path, shape barriers where I tread.

16

Lord Jesus toils, in limitations bound :
 He opened through them nineteen hundred years.
 Slowly the planet's discords are unwound.
 I toil within His toil till death unspheres.
 New heart and soul and flesh, that make their round
 In the unselfed desire, uplift through tears.

· XXIX.

1

In all the scope of universal letters
 We find no man of round or rounding Truth,
 Ascending aye through learnings to their betters ;
 Finding through age fulfilments of high youth ;
 Grasping proud ego, till its serpent tooth
 Can sting no more ; unselfed through all his frame ;
 Holding life's winter to Love's tropic south,
 Till the fused breast bursts into bloom of flame,
 And life in ripening gifts avows the Bridal Name.

2

Mankind is aye their debtor ; they, the great,
 The gifted, gifting, who as star to star
 Light far and wide the clouds of lower fate,
 Enconstellated as the planets are.
 They beam upon the ages but afar ;
 Broken illuminations are their train,
 The anarchy of rays, with rays at war,
 That lead the chaos of the thoughts made vain ;
 That urge the frail mankind to impotence of brain.

3

'Tis here the thinking ego spectralizes,
 And spiritisms by its lore are bred.
 'Tis here the thinking ego reäpprises,
 To lift and shape false magic from its dead.
 That ego thence takes matter for its bed :
 All save a cosmic matter it decries ;
 Leads fantasy to lift vain-glorious head ;
 Its form of stand the logic that denies
 All life but of the worm, evolving till it dies.

4

Clear intellects in age, like chiefs we know,
Last lose the possibility of faith.
Mind, outwarding in matter's tidal flow,
Conceives Religion but as wandering wraith ;
Here civilizer, there a scourge, a scathe ;
Supreme illusion, Protean, shaping on
To multiply vain gods upon its path,
That wane, as faith wastes, to oblivion ;
That sleep the sleep of sleeps with Jah and Bel and On.

5

Vision seems base and prophecy as vain ;
Heaven a lost hope and hades but a scare.
The singer, flinging a melodious rain
Of soulless words, with mellow voice and rare,
Sweeps out of mind grave minstrels, who declare
The song of songs, God's breath in sun and soul.
Gods are made play-words, bubbles of song's air,
That break and scatter as the numbers roll.
Death is made point of stand ; life's lusts shape either pole.

6

Yet every phrase of exquisite design,
Wrought to disclose Religion's lucid face ;
The sweet, the beautiful, the calm divine ;
Freedom, love, honor and the varied grace ;
Pure passion, that the flesh-soul would embrace ;
High virtues, in devotion that have birth,
All, emptied of their life, but woven fine
With humor, eloquence and bitter mirth,
Shape to make heart a hell, a chaos of the earth.

7

No prose but hath its dangers, and no song ;
 In aberations they are compassed all.
 Minds touch illusion where conjectures throng ;
 Where credence makes authority its wall.
 Sage Swedenborg wrought life-ropes, but a pall :
 Touching obstruction, there at last he quailed :
 Touching abstraction, there he coldened small :
 Heaven's lights, they dimmed upon him, they exhaled.
 By his true words, misread, the sectarist prevailed.

8

Truth nowhere in mankind hath center-stand :
 Circumference is broken to abyss. —
 A man in truth shall rise at Christ's right hand ;
 Reborn, one-twained, accomplished unto this.
 He shall not claim authority, I wis.
 Truth's gravitations shall on him unite ;
 Love's dear attractions draw to centered bliss ;
 Use be his passion, order his delight ;
 The Righteous-Holiness unto his flesh applight.

9

No self-strong reach that center, though they would ;
 Nor is the holding in self-centered will.
 'Tis where the Truth of truth folds Good of good,
 Knit, by the twain-one union, to fulfill :—
 The pillar point of potency, God's hill.
 Love Yessa blooms there ; Bridal Rose impearled :
 Lord Jesus glows, impassioned to instill,
 And open heaven re-crowned o'er open world,
 Where else the deaths devoured, where erst the dragon curled.

10

Daniel saw how a little stone might grow
 To fill man's planet to its last extreme ;
 Love Yessa how a little cloud might show,
 To fold the world more deep than any dream.
 Lord Jesus sees how one imperial theme
 May open on, through culture's rounding plan,
 And loose man's thought into life's glowing stream ;
 And lift new flesh, enfranchised from the ban
 Of earth's illusive years ; Word-born to Lilistan.

XXX.

1

The Central Truth opes by a centered man,
 Through time into mankind's circumference.
 The logic this of re-creation's plan ;
 The High One-Twain throned in truth's eminence ;
 Jesus, the Absolute Altrurian,
 Orbed in earth's commonwealth of fleshly sense.

2

"Heaven's kingdom groweth from the least of seeds."
 The seed-thought in pure Word its concept knew ;
 It played as Pan, it harped amid the reeds,—
 Reeds in mind-rivers vitally that grew.
 It felt to Dian from the blossomed meads ;
 Slipped o'er each leaf Her globe of silver dew.

3

Yet it was hidden in a poor man's brain,
 And nourished there from a chaste lady's heart :
 They, twain-one, had one warrant, to attain,
 Since they were called in the Divine behest.
 The lowly singer of an unknown strain,
 Such allness to such service was imprest.

4

“When innermost is wrought to outermost,”
 Lord Jesus spake, “then shall the kingdom come.”
 The Word-truth rose to this one-twainéd coast :
 The fairy people battled, built and clomb :
 He breathed mild respirations of their host,—
 His thought land, love land, passion land their home.

5

Love Yessa, worshiped by their multitude,
 One with the Blissful Savior they adore,
 Made the dim shell, that was a solitude,
 A fairy eden ; seed in fleshly core
 Of a new body, wrought in marriagehood,
 To show mankind a man twain-one once more.

6

Others have led through scripture its deep sense ;
 Through history's records toiled and writ and said.—
 The concept of God's Word, from time's offense
 Made free, made sweet, wrought in this flesh its bed ;
 Little by little growing, to dispense
 Gifts of Love's truth, shaped in such wisdomhead.

7

"The vital revelation lives in man";
 Springs in him, thrives in him to fruitful rise.
 Lord Jesus, Socialized American,
 Wrought, through the worded womb where Yessa plies,
 Heaven in new flesh, gifts cosmopolitan;
 The microcosm of new paradise.

8

Such woman-man time's opportune foreruns.
 Dawn lifts, not from old day, but from the night.
 Transcendent men of heaven, its shining ones,
 View time's old cycle vanishing from sight,
 And the new cycle, from the sun of suns,
 Forming, but as a seed with darkness dight.

9

When time shows big with opportunity,
 The growth, that grew in time as in a womb,
 Leaps to an exquisite community
 With open life, with beauty and birth's bloom.
 With God Twain-One in twain-one unity,
 Opes to the birth-couch where it held the doom.

10

Yet first the newness clouds in a disgrace.
 The brood of pharisees is not extinct;
 Brood of the obsoletes, who backward pace;
 Brood of cold pietists, at whom God winked.
 New birth, with winter's hail upon its face,
 Lifts as blithe spring, with vernal colors tinct.

11

God gave the seed: 'twas buried in such ground
 As where His opportune held vital hold.
 Below the worldland quaked, the terror frowned;
 Above live lightning sang to thunders bold.
 The seed arose: its destiny was found,
 To yield for harvest thousand thousand fold.

XXXI.

1

I stand affianced to the Majesty,
 In kingship and in priesthood to mankind.
 I hunger and I thirst in all of ye,
 My brethren; all by sympathies entwined;
 Serving from soul to flesh.—Wait patiently:
 Christ cometh, in our lives to dwell enshrined.

2

I toil environed by impediment,
 Where time to God One-Twain is infidel.
 I pitch my presence as a moving tent,
 Where the white lights are leading to dispel
 The shades that compass. For the Great Event
 I form new flesh and by the flesh foretell.

3

Behold! how good and beautiful it is
 To hold the life in sweetness to the Bride;
 To heave the burden yet to breathe the bliss.
 So be it with you.—In Love's Truth abide.
 If I have travailed Wordward unto this,
 Old time's a-flow, into God's time to glide.

4

Much waiteth to be reconciled and set
In order ere that public end shall be.
Event, that buds to shape her violet,
Must ripen on by time full summerly ;
Must round the whirlwind in her bosom yet,
To shake the red leaves of the planet's tree.

5

Much waits ; and of the day, the month, the year,
Nor fays nor angels nor archangels know.
It shapes in future time, resplendent, near,
Clad in closed raiment of the bliss-in-woe.
As to what fashion God-rise shall appear,
We only glimpse the blush, the kindling glow.

6

'Tis all and more and better than we can,
Though from the mount of transport, hold in eyes.
We meet one sword-flash from the arméd van :
The host of the Event doth not apprise.
This we know, Yessa-Jesus, Woman-Man,
Lead the unselfness on to deathless rise.

IN DAWNRISE.

PART THIRD.

IN DAWNRISE.

XXXII.

1

BLESSED are they whose faith shall overcome
The body's ills and nerve its failing art ;
In whom new ear shall find its rhythmic drum,
Whereby the Word-wind through the nerve shall part,
With tingling undulations of pure breath ;
Diffusing to dissolve chill vapor, frozen death ;
Impulsing fiery melodies, that dart
To vivify the heart.

2

Blessed are they whose faith shall over-lean,
For penetration through earth's hell of sound ;
Opening swift passage where Love's Bridal Queen
Enweaves vibration to a mellow round,
Melodious, comforting, diffusive, sweet,
That through the new-born ear-sense shall repeat,
Dissolved in sense with seed-dew from Love's flowers,
Sown by the bosomed hours.

3

'Tis in the concord where Love's breath attunes
 That the new ear delights abidingly.
 Listen to Her, thou brother, through the glooms
 Of veiled impediments that sob and sigh.
 Bid sweetest silence lead thy pulse to thrill ;
 Enrapturing to the joy of Love's glad will ;
 Till the o'erpowering might of inner song
 Uplifts thee, fleshly strong.

4

Involve thy flesh into Love's mystery,
 Whereby new ear-sense opens, touches far ;
 Leads on to the inclosed consistory
 Of lady-thoughts that in the brain-land are ;—
 The lady-thoughts, to lord-thoughts all a-ring ;
 Shaping to outness, where they weave and wing,
 Love's Imaged Wisdom, womanly, to mesh
 The senses in new flesh.

5

As Aphrodite o'er the adrian main,
 A lady of white bloom through mental foam,
 'Tis fashioned ; all an image-form of rain,
 To clasp thee in a silvery, dewy zone ;
 To gladden through thy flesh in rhythm'd whirls ;
 To set in every sense by vital pearls ;
 And so to wreathe and hold each new-born sense
 In dawn-lit innocence.

6

Come thou, O ear! lift up thy votive shell,
So to respire the music of the sea.
Hold forth thy gift and touch the rising swell
Of bliss; o'erflowing full Divinity.
Be thou in-oceaned in that ardent flood,
Thou sense, respond in it to flesh and blood.
In might ascend, borne on the heaving wave
To Christus, strong to save.

7

Earth's hammer beats upon the new-born ear,
With fierce, impetuous blows of deadly sound.
The clods fall heavy where the graves ope fear:
Affrights invade, disaster harks her hound.
Awake, new ear, to hear Christ's hammer fall
Full in thy nerve; breaking the discords all,
Till they transfuse and through thy bosom climb
To bells of golden chime.

8

'Tis through new ear the fairy trumpets blow:
The fairy flutes and harps and violins
Enunciate the march, when, all a-row,
Love's fairy host to revelation wins.
'Tis from such litles blithesome carols make,
That lead the Word-song through the flesh a-quake;
Heaving to orb its continent anew
To God-rise, full in view.

9

Great, great! unselfness through thy flesh shall sweet
 With light and life; greater than self's old form;
 Were that volcanic in its mountained heat;
 Were that dragonic in its moulding worm.
 Unselfnesses of fairyland's extense
 Build through new flesh to vital eminence:
 So man, a formal selflessness, may stand
 Mighty, at Truth's right hand.

XXXIII.

1

The silences of God, as golden urns,
 Aye overflow with song's melodious wine.
 The song of songs, that circles and returns
 Through sense to soul for wisdoms wrought divine,
 Senseward would still inshine;
 Shaping by outlined airs, to weave a dress;
 A spheral image of Love's Loveliness;
 The Mother's shadow, robed in splendid grace,
 In quietude the senses to embrace,
 And then to fill Her shrine.

2

Brows that stoop down their rays in golden tresses;
 Rose-blossomed lips, for love's delight that part;
 Bosom that heaves to vital blessednesses,
 Life-wrought in song and for its wondrous art,
 Yet silent as a dream;
 Holding a sanctity of Word creation,
 Purpose and fullness, will and resurrection;
 Holding a stillness fraught with inspiration;
 The quiet that leads forth re-animation;
 A Spheral Shape supreme;

3

Love Yessa wreathes Her idealities
 In such divine of manner : She is Care.
 The infinite One-Twain Dualities
 Such breathness fashion in pellucid air ;
 Distill melodious rain.
 In spheral watchfulness She undulates ;
 Impulses song that thrills and re-creates ;
 Opens fertilities through germs of cells,
 That hold a minstrelsy as fairy bells,
 So chiming one-in-twain.

4

But the new ear, a rosebud led to listen,
 When Love uplifts in the new flesh Her tree,
 As by the dew-breath of the music kissen,
 Quivers to such divine of mystery :
 'Tis victory begun.
 Ear opens forth from inmost : ear is outed
 To list as to the morning stars that shouted,
 Caught in the octaves that arose and quivered,
 Then streamed in adorations many rivered,
 To God-rise in the sun.

5

Song drops, as when the lark from sunlit heaven
 Seeks to the meadow sweets that fold her nest :
 Her Word-rod branches forth as one-in-seven,
 To flutter blossoms borne by such dear hest.
 I see Love Yessa stand.
 She fills the thought-buds, led to impregnations ;
 Arrays them in Her flowing emanations.
 She gathers up the thought-seed to full holding ;
 She sows them all to loverly unfolding,
 Where flesh hath bosom-land.

6

So in Her ear I listen, while the fairies
 Loosen their song birds in that spherical sea.
 Swift wingéd flights, borne from the aviaries,
 Disport in tides of such enchanted glee :
 They glow and gleam and glide.
 Joy through their myriads plies by airy measures ;
 The wing-beat lifts in folding, flooding pleasures :
 Fayland is caught in whirls of love's vibration ;
 Fayland holds transports in the adoration :
 It hails the Loving Bride.

XXXIV.

1

The world of Yessa is the world of charm.
 Arch-nature lives in Her divinest essence.
 She lifts for guidance on Her quickening arm ;
 Holds through the brain-lights a delightsome presence ;
 Stands formed in character.
 Through man's new flesh She fashions grove and
 pleasance,
 She cheers it by Her flowing luminescence ;
 Folds it in bloom of Her.

2

The world of Yessa is the world of sweets.
 From Her bud forth the delicate affections.
 Tastes, modes and manners, each in Her repeats,
 Reflects and glows to shape in warm perfections.
 By Her such gifts unclose.
 Loves ope in Her to births and resurrections ;
 Their wisdoms mirror in Her vast reflections.
 In Her the pasts repose.

3

The world of Yessa is the world of might.

She trains Her energies through life's endeavor.
 She thrones crowned honor in Her sphere, delight.
 She is the fount, the pool, the gliding river ;
 Wreathing each liliated brim ;
 Till giftings by Her play their lips dissever,
 To chant the wonder-lay that tones forever ;
 Life's everlasting hymn.

4

The world of Yessa is the world of peace.

As the White Dove, the Comfortress, She wingeth.
 Her calmnesses the quietudes increase.
 Ever She soothes and stills, yet ever bringeth.
 Gifts in Her calm ascend.
 Ever into Her Savior Spouse She singeth,
 Queenly divine, where He divinely kingeth :
 Weaves flesh to Worded end.

5

The world of Yessa is the world of rounds.

From Twained Infinity Her least of spaces.
 Might, charm and peace, each by Her path abounds.
 From the eternity Her timed embraces.
 Her moments feel and see.
 Her Form throughout new fleshness aye implaces
 Sense-newness of Her seed, worths, blessings, graces,
 Past, present and to be.

6

The world of Yessa is the Savior's world ;
 He dwelling in Her, She in Him ; so given ;
 Insphered, infleshed, inbrided and impearled ;
 Twain heavens of Word in one inworded heaven.
 Adore, delight, attain.
 In us, for life eterne, such Love hath striven ;
 In us to fleshly form of life arriven.
 In us They rule and reign.

XXXV.

1

Ever the night is in the day ;
 The day is in the night.
 Young time breathes to a bridal play
 Of beautiful delight.

2

Ever the sun is in its moon ;
 The moon is in its star ;
 Till sleep and dream and trance and swoon
 Wake to the Avatar.

3

Ever the love is in its truth ;
 Truth in its life averred.
 Youth opes through age to twain-one youth,
 Eterne in Twain-One Word.

4

Ever 'tis glee that breedeth glee,
 In joyful heart to spring.
 Now, death, thou hast no victory ;
 Now, grave, thou hast no sting.

XXXVI.

1

Realms luminous, realms of the "Never-die,"
Ensphere, in constellated seas to sky ;
Shape in new sense, earth's hollow globe apart.
Attune thine ear-shell to fresh minstrelsy.
Hold thou the song, ope thy new breath to ply,
And live in thy new heart.

2

Take thou the freeness of new fleshness on ;
The souled accord, the bosomed unison.
Take thou the touch that holds the ear a-key.
Take thou the freshness of the lyric powers ;
The rounding sweep of new, imperial hours.
Lift thou, be strong, and see.

3

God Christus, one with Jesus whom we know,
Toiling to save, clasped earth as "Bliss-in-woe" ;
Held here ; flesh-bound in limits of earth's race.
God Christus there through flesh-space orbs a round ;
Fashions from world to world ; in fleshness found ;
Incarnate to embrace.

4

One phrase unveils the mystery of this :
They hold the rise ; earth touches the abyss.
Selfhood hath, soul to sense, a ruin hurled.
No selfness there has ever broken bound ;
Never the snake, apostasy, unwound ;
Never the death uncurled.

5

Earth therefore, being twined in evil coil,
 Rolls lonely and apart, exceptional :
 Its fleshly seed to ruinings unclose.
 Elsewhere life's wall stands builded up in God,
 Made evidential : whereso man has trod
 God fills the morning's rose.

6

God kisses to them ever, lip to mouth :
 God breathes unto them balms of human south :
 God melts into them as the virgin dew.
 God shapeth them by orders of degrees,
 To constellate, one-twain humanities,
 And in His round pursue.

7

I saw God Christus by another name,
 Where a blithe world greets a new cycle's flame.
 A twain-one name, I sound it I-O-WEE ;
 Yet as Lord Jesus He is named to this,
 And stands therein, Word Flesh, of such dear bliss
 As for their good must be.

8

But in that Flesh He stood magnificent :
 His body shone as doth the azure tent,
 Instarred with constellations of life's day.
 Round Him a girdled zodiac made shine,
 Twined in rich clusters of the solar vine,
 A wondrous milky way.

9

And many sons, in such wreathed nakedness,
Were in a city styled as "God-possess";
 Transcendent in pure good o'er sense of shame;
And with them glorious daughters, beautiful,
Adorned as when the snows fall white as wool;
 Starred, azured in the same.

10

And there was one, an arch priest, Zapthalim;—
Named Zapthalo the sacred bride of him.
 So one-in-twain by love's advance they led.
My joy-sensed word-flesh thrilled into the beat;
So they made rest, by soothing to the feet,
 And pillow for the head.

11

And, when he toned vibrations to mine ear,
For that formed forth Love Yessa's image-sphere;—
 Duality of breathing, bridal flame.
So we beheld Her Image, each in each.
Lips by the Image toned our lips to speech:
 Greetings of blessing came.

12

And Yessa, through the Image radiant stood;
And we respired in Her to flesh and blood;
 And we beheld Her Likeness and Her shrine.
Loves in that likeness thrilled our sense to burn;
Lips in that likeness taught our hearts to yearn,
 And thoughts to thoughts incline.

13

So 'twas as if one man, of each of us,
 Uttered of God-speech, golden, glorious ;
 And so his azure flesh of brilliant stars
 Vibrated to the speech melodiously ;
 And the sensations of his flesh a-glee
 Thrilled as when heaven unbars.

14

“See that I am thy brother,” smiled he then.
 “There are between no shields, no middle men.
 Christ in our twain breathes, and the twain unite.
 We feel through senses to twained consciousness :
 So thoughts impregnate thoughts, and they possess
 Each other's Word-delight.

15

“Ope thou more in me for this wonder-view.
 Behold Lord Jesus, standing in me through.
 A nothingness, I live but in His call.”—
 So I saw JESUS ; but the LOVING BRIDE
 Spaced through Him, beautiful, beatified,
 Wrought in star-lilies all.

XXXVII.

1

Dean Swift, who erst imagined “Gulliver,”—
 Earth's brainiest man of letters in his day,—
 Was touched by ear-sense from orb Jupiter ;
 Touched by vibrations in his mental play.
 Boëhme, Fox, Bunyan, Shakespeare and Carlyle,
 All under Jupiter were starred awhile.

'Tis this, the orb "Majestic" of the stars,
 That holds the potence of the solar lars.
 Svedborg caught gleams of the starred azure men;
 Too cold, too abstract far for knowing then.

2

Here is the concord of the practical;
 The shrewd simplicity of father wit;
 Bonhomic, rounding to pontifical;
 Sagacity; coolness, to hold and sit
 For judgment, though an earth were all a scroll
 Blackened to tinder, every spark a soul
 Wrapt in its conflagration, fleshly far
 Blazing to meet the zenith or the bar.

3

Z. touched me gently; touched unto the nose,
 Just by a finger-thought; it was no more.
 That organ of me blushed; I felt a rose.
 "Pontifical," smiled Z.—A rush, a roar;
 A flooding stream of thoughts the sapience knew.
 Before mine eyes the People's nostrils grew.

4

Said one, "you spake erewhile of Gulliver.
 That fancy captain was not all invention.
 A fairy, through Swift's brain a traveler,
 Tickled him to the nostrils, by intention.
 The man's sagacities rose horn by horn;
 Yahoos and Liliputians were born.
 The love of contrasts held his nose a-wag,
 High, till he thought gigantic Brobdingnag.

His mind, still probing where the nose gave itch,
 Held him, a mite, bosomed in Glumdalelitch.
 Yet, from all such fine phrenzy of his art,
 He moldered, crazed, died of a broken heart."

5

Another spake, "from 'Stella' and 'Vanessa'
 Swift drew the woman's fire to feed his brain;
 Gave an unconscious sigh to Lady Yessa,
 Then thought of the Lord Jesus racked amain.
 Gross, vulgar; yet corporeal lust to check
 He knew, mad chaplain of a pirate's deck.

6

"He was a priest by genius, but inverted;
 Drunken with spleen and venom more than wine.
 Upon the verge of lunacy he sported:
 Illuminations hardened on his eyne.
 His was the art that fathoms art: he knew;
 He did not crib: his work, it lived, it grew.
 Yet,—part he knew it,—London was a hut,
 Ruled by Yahoos; the earth a Liliput;

7

"Small, small! a teacup world, a bowl and saucer;
 A bandbox world, musty, black bound with tape;
 A snappish world;—'tis dangerous to cross her;
 An idiot world with foolish jaws agape;
 A world that, as an ill-conditioned cur
 Follows a man, dogs on orb Jupiter;
 Yet world that might, as in the minstrel's line,
 Own vision and the faculty divine.

8

“Columbus, lost in the Sargasso sea,
 With loathsome weeds matting his caravel,
 Pictures mankind, its earth in jeopardy,
 Rotting, its sense-flesh fouled by mer de mal.
 Hither and thither would the rovers track,
 It cannot onward, neither can it back.
 They choke by generations: ere the gate
 Of open sea they stale, they suffocate.”

9

A third spake; “earthly woman’s composite;
 Sits on a tripod o’er a magic well.
 The Python opes her life,—the flesh of it;
 Coils forth his fever-shape, therein to dwell.
 She is obsessed in her deep function; births
 Of pygmies rise, fleshed in magnetic earths.
 Sure she should bear the deathless godlike child;
 But her sweet instincts maunder or run wild.
 Small knows she betters; never knows the best.
 Her body is an ark, on time’s unrest
 Drifting, still drifting.—Kiss I to her shoe.
 I would fain break the manacles in two.”

10

But Zaphthalim a speech-hand to mine ear
 Extended, saying, “such is yearned for here;
 To break the manacles; to heave a lift
 Through woman’s sensitives, and melt the drift
 Of ills that smother ladyland’s desire;—
 To free the ‘widow’ from the sullen fire;—

Earth, named by us as 'widow';—she who sleeps
 In the death chamber where obstruction weeps;
 She who in apathy of doom forgets
 Love Yessa's lilies, roses, violets.

11

"Shakespeare, a wheel, drew loaded cars en train;
 The rounding intellect orb'd in his brain;
 Yet he was but a spark, a brilliant gnome,
 Who in the dusking cave abode for home.
 His passion was a funeral couch, bestrewn
 With flowers, where poesy as Lady June
 Inwound, with death-cold hands to bosom prest.
 Chief mourner at great drama's worlded bier;
 Apostle, yet apostate of song's year;
 Its broadest blossom, fallen to a leaf,
 Laid in the clay-cold bosom of time's grief;
 He too had felt the Image, but he grew
 Cold in dark self: Love Yessa's flame withdrew.

12

"Love Yessa! By another name we know
 The Beautiful Eternity a-flow,
 Upholding o'er your planet's bitter sea
 The shattered barque that bears humanity.
 She, our Redemptress no less than thine,
 The Bridal Queen, Her realms to realms entwine.
 In man's religion She the Heart of heart.
 To breathe Her name awakes the minstrel's art.
 To thought-feel where she parts Her odorous breast
 Is to glimpse heavens of heavens; to rise and crest

To all sublimities of Word-born song. —
 Hold thoughtness from me ; for the theme is strong,
 And I, as yet, am weightier than thee ;
 Holding more in Her spaced Infinity.”

XXXVIII.

1

A thought touched to my bearded chin.
 To stateliness my brow
 Uplifted ; on my sultry skin
 Starred lilies made avow.

2

But, when the brain grew quieted,
 New blisses rose in rays.
 Then was the mind new mirroréd
 In Yessa's household ways.

3

She cometh forth by morning-tide,
 Appareled as the Queen.
 She holds in many worlds beside,
 But so by this I ween.

4

In the queen lady of the land
 Her Majesty abides ;
 So moving on through band to band,
 From mothers on to brides.

5

All bride-world and all mother-world
 She Queens in, to bestow.
 Her charm is through its flesh impearled ;
 There Her starred lilies glow.

XXXIX.

1

Song doth not oft put on the pedagogic :
 The pedagogue in verse is seldom wise.
 Yet song must in an infinite pure logic
 Hold ground for structure of the minstrelsies.
 Song, by its high inquest,
 It charts and mans the stately gossies ;
 Then liberates by melody the breeze
 For home, where hearts have rest.

2

For many poets broad, imperial oceans !
 Impassioned minstrelsies are on the wind ;
 The tropic nights, the loverland emotions.—
 Yet chart and compass they but rarely find.
 Great Milton failed in flesh :
 He orb'd the epic for a globe entwined ;
 Dust in celestial imagery he shrined ;
 Bubbles in crystal mesh.

3

A greatness was upon him, and a glow.
 He sank, mind-fettered in the puritan.
 Love Yessa met his ear-sense, faintly so :
 He felt and music from its fountain ran.
 He, but as Christ's half child,
 Chilled to the brain. Alas ! and then the van
 Of the brave inspirations that began
 Falter'd in fancies wild.

4

Yet, Milton's epic had a grand beginning,
 Considered as a genius-play in-bred.
The problem of world's birth, the grove, the sinning ;
 The cold, dead fall from eden's passion bed ;
 This the warm Word-seed knew.
The spirit of him felt the cycle spinning ;
The flesh of him yearned to the bridal winning,
 In paradise made new.

5

And he uplifted many songs thereafter,
 In England's heaven, where he met sweet reward ;
Songs of aerial, hearted, wooing laughter ;
 Songs in high honor of our Lady-Lord.
 But never hath prevailed
The epic, as it might have been : the sward
Of song is his. Aye doth the muse record
 Her epitaph, " He failed."

6

On Lowell in his youth a song-glance darted,
 Born of imperial day in Yessa's eyes.
High transcendentalism, clear, sweet hearted,
 Through best New England in its best of days,
 Called, caught him to inspire.
He dallied long with culture that betrays ;
Shunned the high mystery that wins no praise.
 A censer he ; not fire.

7

His aims were good, but that he shunned the better.

His verse nectareous, dripping with sweet dew.
 He kissed the chain that clasped him to the letter
 Of lyric art, but from its life withdrew ;
 Touched Freedom's hands that gem ;
 Caught to his brow her brilliant,—so her debtor.
 Boston and London fed him to forget her ;—
 Free New Jerusalem.

8

He, called to God-time!—Where the Many Rivered
 Unseals Her fountain he was bade to swim.
 A gift unto his bosom was delivered ;
 Verse for a new humanity, that grim
 Old despotism claims for prize.
 Alas! and did his lips close from the rim
 Of Yessa's chalice? did his eyes grow dim?
 He failed of the uprising.

 XL.

1

What did song find, from Milton unto Lowell?
 The logic of its truth thrust out of sight ;
 A disavowal robed in an avowal ;
 Warm day disfeatured in cold-hearted night.—
 Christ-faith not so is won.
 Song hath a call of minstrelsy in sight,
 God and God's evidential to unite,
 And hail the Bridal Sun.

2

Better be food-giver in Yessa's house,
 Though the dear bread but by a song may show ;
 Better a shepherd where Her flocks find browse,
 Though the soft lambs are birthed in winter snow ;
 The shepherd's plaid their fold,
 That he may bear them to the Bridal Spouse ;
 And scant the rest that burdening allows.—
 Pain-time is long and cold.

3

Better a stall-keeper in Bethlehem,
 Where Joseph lights to find some lowly shed ;
 And one hath that to give and shelter them ;
 He, and maid Mary, full to motherhead.
 Better as thus, forlore,
 Where Jesus-Yessa in time's womb are bred,
 And the great mother-world, discomforted,
 Pants for the open door.

4

Better be wood, hived in His crucifix ;
 Better be shade-dew for His dying eyes ;
 Be oils of sympathy to ease the pricks ;
 Better last touch that stills the agonies ;
 Better moist sward below,
 To hold full steadfast for a couch of ease,
 To loose a coolness to the pensive breeze,
 And bid love's odors flow.

5

When inspirations meet their agonies
 They fasten to God's purpose :—this is mine.
 The martyr sweat that dripped o'er Calvary
 Baptises thee, O song! henceforth be wine ;
 Be bread of holy cheer.
 Rose-robed in Yessa's charm I bid ye shine,
 To celebrate Her eucharist divine,
 Till Her new day appear.

XLI.

1

“From the mountains where we sported
 To the valleys where we courted,
 In the starlands of the Word seed,
 In the fayland long ago,
 By our fairy lives we wedded.
 Then the ways oped golden threaded
 To the spaces of the world-weed,
 To the earth time that we know.

2

“Thou and I, twain-one together,
 Through earth's dim, dismantled weather,
 We have burdened, we have blended,
 Weaving song to breathe and flow.
 We have held our pact of sorrow,
 Where the years but trial borrow :
 We have dared, and have descended
 To the under world of woe.

3

"All the flood-tide of my feeling
 To the out-flesh is revealing ;
 All the sense of the sensation ;—
 I a psyche on the wing.
 Now I bring the joyful message ;
 'We are birds of winter passage,
 Leading flesh-regeneration
 In the birth-rise of the Spring.'"

4

So to me the spousal daughter
 Sang in airs Love Yessa taught her ;
 Bore for gift a rood, upholding
 Silver lilies, rod and ring ;
 'Rayed in robes that Yessa wrought her,
 Claims the sisterhoods who sought her,
 Crowned for beautiful beholding
 In the Bridal Queen and King.

XLII.

1

Afar to the westward of old time
 Men dreamed of the "Fortunate Isles";
 All summered in light of a gold time ;
 Unvexed by time's terrors and wiles.
 I dreamed not.—Afar o'er the waters
 One sped me ; Her breathings upbore.
 I wreath in the zone of Her daughters,
 Where Homeland makes shore.

2

Love Yessa it is who hath led me ;
 Yea, led from life's innermost old ;
 Distilled the pure essence that fed me
 To know and to serve and embold.
 She wove for heart's rest by Her shadows ;
 She thrilled for heart's rise by Her might.
 Now, now, o'er the floors of Her meadows,
 She wings by delights.

3

She bought me with love for the money :
 She spent me with loves for the price.
 In days when Her tropics were sunny
 She fed and she filled me with spice.
 The womb of Her concept is open :
 Blithe adam involving bride eve,
 I rise, of Her grace to betoken
 By songs that conceive.

4

'Tis freshness of life everlasting,
 The kingdom Love Yessa discretet.
 Her bliss, for the shadow, is casting
 A vail that reflects and repeats,
 And folds by soft, silvery weavings,
 To droop where the earthland holds floor.
 Deep, deep as the seas are Her breathings ;
 I feel them before.

XLIII.

1

In the gardens of the night,
 Ere a single shadow missed me,
 Ere a star held lamp of light,
 Yessa kissed me.

2

She, the mother of the fay,
 Breast that fed mine inmost real,
 Kissed as mothers only may,
 Hymeneal.

3

Through my heart an arrow sang ;
 Thrilled the fay soul, man-idea.
 Swift the answering transport rang,
 "Hymenea."

4

Old times ebb, new time's a-flow.
 Earth, thy doors not long resist me :
 In the Mother's way I go.
 Yessa kissed me.

XLIV.

1

Consider the Lilies of aidenn.
 They grow the sweet waters beside :
 They crown, to full blossomhood laden ;
 They breathe on the odorous tide.
 Wave Lilies ! they rise o'er the waters ;
 They wreathe on the musical strand ;—
 Love Yessa reborn in Her daughters ;
 A sisterhood band.

2

In Lilistan, high in Her regnant,
 Love Yessa brings forth of Her fruit :
 Her Being, with angelhoods pregnant,
 Gives breath as the voice of the lute.
 If now in dusk time She delayeth,
 She glides by the glade and the glen.
 The lyre of delight that She playeth
 Leads birth-rise again,

3

Her blossoming holds revelation.
 The thrill of Her lips of delight
 Impleads to divine impregnation,
 A life-seed with flesh to unite.
 She folds the new sense in caresses,
 The lift of its rise to assume.
 Full form to life's fullness possesses ;—
 Our Lady of Bloom.

4

Consider the Lilies of aidenn.
 QUEEN LILY of Lilies She is :
 The Mother is borne through the maiden,
 By beauties and breathings of bliss.
 Yea, if one but look to an odor,
 The wealth of its fragrance to share,
 In gifts of heart fullness that load Her,
 Love Yessa is there.

5

They waste not ; they want not ; they open,—
 Those Lilies, Her daughters that be,—
 As words from warm God-lips are spoken ;
 As buds where Lord Christ is the Tree.
 My shores by Her billows are laven ;
 The songs of Her daughters are mine.
 In Her for my rest I inhaven ;—
 In Yessa Divine.

XLV.

1

Love Yessa breathed for Pentecost ;
 Touched on the brows to melt the frost.
 The mute apostles felt Her flame ;
 Then thought to many tongues forthcame.

2

I cross the pentecostal bar,
 To meet Love Yessa's bridal star.
 My life is touched and songs are free,
 In many languaged melody.

XLVI.

1

Words, in the life-flesh written,
 Are scripted there, to tell
 How time, by music smitten,
 Shall chime to Yessa's bell :
 How earth-space thrills to paces
 Of feet that rise to wing,
 And winter's world displaces
 For love-born bridal spring.

2

The pentecostal mission
Is loosed on love-breathed wind.
For nights of darkened vision,
Days of sunned sight unbind.
The gospel sempiternal
Leads on by heart-in-hand.
The tree forsakes its kernel,
In fruited bloom to stand.

3

Foretelling finds fulfilling,
In Yessa's bridal will ;
Indwelling and instilling,
Throned in Her beautiful.
Room for the sevenfold churches,
They circle o'er the plains ;
By what triumphal marches!
In what celestial strains!

4

Open thy heart, thou poet!
Bid Yessa's numbers flow :
Her fount shall overflow it,
In God-rise all a-glow.
Lover, thy bosom open :
Respire from Love Divine :
Thy feet shall so discover
The path to Yessa's shrine.

5

Tossed were the ages foamward,
 Whelmed in the wild dismay.
 From Pentecost rings "Homeward!
 No more to waste or stray.
 On, with the blessings laden,
 Balmed in baptismal air.
 Home to the groves of aidenn;
 Home to the nuptials there."

XLVII.

1

Pharisaic moral suasion
 Grips not death from its occasion;
 Wins not strife from the cessation;
 Hastes not evil to its fall;
 Breathes no God-fire through the passion;
 Crumbles on till hearts are ashen;
 Folds a shape of saintly fashion
 O'er the catafalque and pall;

2

Guides forth death on stately horses,
 Raiding time's broad universes;
 Of its right the flesh amerces;
 Beats the dread, funereal drum;
 Praises death, the swift and agile
 Breaker of the fond and fragile;
 Keeping armed and stealthy vigil,
 Till the dissolution come.

3

Man's decline is an inversion ;
Man's decay a base dispersion ;
Man's decease unjust desertion
 Of his ultimate degree ;
The result of race-declension ;
Of life's loss and its dissension ;
The arrest and the suspension
 Of the world's first harmony.

4

Hold thy faith in the ascendant ;
Hold thy courages attendant.
Touch the star that burns resplendent
 O'er the dawn-tide's shadowed bar ;
Through the door, self-abnegation,
Find result, revivif'cation ;
For the flesh full re-creation
 In the Bridal Avatar.

5

Say to death, "I turn thy turning ;
Fuse through chill the breathful burning ;
Set the flow to the inurning ;
 Through the shadow weave the ray ;
Wind the way of love-lit vision
To the sky-path, transposition ;
Weave the sense to its elysian. —
 Thou shalt slay not, thou art clay."

6

Say to death, "This form of senses
 Shall not serve to thy offenses ;
 Shall not fail from life's intenses ;
 Shall not perish from God's breath.
 It shall bloom where thou dost rigor.
 In the rise, it shall re-vigor.
 In its Lord it shall transfigure.
 It shall victorize, O death !

7

"It shall hold its final earthright.
 It shall fold its primal birthright.
 By the Word-life that leads worthright,
 It shall fuse and fill and span.
 In God's image,—re-creation,—
 It shall ray illumination,
 For the Word-born social nation ;
 For the Godlike woman-man."

XLVIII.

1

Pale death, thou shalt not in me vaunt.
 Of thee I am not enceinte.
 Through me thou shalt not rise.
 I will not custom to thy ways,
 But hold a feast of God by days,
 With God-light in mine eyes.

2

Humanity thy feeding ground ?
 The human form thy spoilage round,
 The human form divine ?
 Nay, by the flames of Pentecost,
 The Bridal Spirit and Her host,
 I bid thee herd thy swine.

3

Go to the spoilsmen where they feast.
 Go to the hearts that fold the beast ;
 The base who Word deny ;
 To knaves who court apostate breath.
 Yea, work thy will with them, O death !
 New Life will aye defy.

4

Go to the hypocrites, who crawl
 And hiss upon the temple's wall ;—
 Thy friend the pharisee.
 Go to the tiger-hearted band,
 Who rape for spoil Love's woman-land.
 These are fit meat for thee.

5

Still do thy foul and treacherous jaws
 Gape for the flesh that holds God's laws
 Of honor, sweet and clean.
 Yet One comes mightier than thou.
 He shall in that new flesh avow ;—
 Thy foe, the Nazarene.

IN DAWNRISE.

PART FOURTH.

IN DAWNRISE.

XLIX.

1

Who is She that our flesh-life sanctifieth,
Flowing through magnetisms foul and dense?
Love Yessa, She, the Woman Word, supplieth;
Conquers heredity's extreme offense.
In the new natural soul She dwells to save;
Creates flesh-eden, where was else a grave.

2

She is our life, made new; the Blissful Mother,
As Jesus is the Father: it is She
Who holds our earthly germ, that else would smother,
Sense-orbed in Her Divine Maternity.
She carries us: new infancy is fraught
With sweet affections, of Her Being wrought.

3

Old death, new life!—begun where will concentrers;
Begun where thought hath its ideal germ;
Begun where holiness the instinct enters,
New life in new-born fleshness finds its term.
'Tis thus new eden rounds its blossomed fold;
God-rise in sunrise; promised age of gold.

4

New life, old death!—They meet in final issues ;
 The breath of blessing and the blight of storm.
 Love, who Her sweetness weaves to bridal tissues,
 Folds the new sense in passions kindly warm.
 Think to new passions by Her sevenfold flame :
 “All Holy!” they respond to Yessa’s name.

5

Ever in human nature fight the twins,
 Darkness and Light, till one or other fails.
 Ever the body of man’s fleshly sins
 Weaves in the death-fire for magnetic veils.
 The sweetest-best in fleshliness are slain ;
 The Image stands ; Love, o’er its fallen fane.

6

The spirit’s outline lives : the soul of flesh,
 That was its earthly continent and base ;
 That held the primal law, to rise, refresh,
 And show to earth men of its tupal race,
 Transposive to their ultimates, and free
 To rise sublime in timed eternity ;

7

That soul of flesh, which by transgression lost
 God’s image, wrought for immortality,—
 Born but to shadow, shadowed to exhaust,
 And make man’s dust life’s unreality,—
 That natural soul, reborn through Yessa’s womb,
 Lives, breathes against the ill that wrought its doom.

8

So the new man, a spirit, clothed upon
 With the new flesh-soul, may in this be wrought,
 Through the dense matter that from earth is won,
 With flesh of life ; sensation wed to thought ;
 All peace, all innocence, fair, childly-wise,
 That hath no will save as Love's grace implies.

9

It hath in God Twain-One its first design :
 'Tis, in the concept of the Word, twain-one :
 'Tis for the deathless home and image-shrine
 Of man, who shall be hailed as daughter-son ;
 Yet, outly seen, 'tis as the flesh before ;
 An human continent, veiled all but shore.

10

Was ever law in timed creativeness ?
 Then this is law, in reason's shape complete.
 Was ever miracle, through law to press ?
 Nature made plastic to the Paraclete ?
 Then this is miracle ; the Love Divine,
 Implied in nature, vorticed to her line.

11

Here the fact stands, though all the world deny ;
 And the fact grows, though all the world rebel ;
 And the fact's utterance doth this imply,
 That the fact fashions through its shore to tell.
 Yea, the new man, foot-firm on earthly clod,
 Though but in song, proclaims of Coming God.

L.

1

In the essential fact of life,
 The fact of Deity, I dwell :
 Each thought is wedded to its wife ;
 Each instinct to its mate as well.
 Each passion, blithe and kindly warm,
 Entwines its counterpartal form.

2

No man his consciousness hath seen ;
 His form of form and flesh of flesh,
 Woven through its material screen,
 Displayed throughout its pictured mesh ;
 Yet thus I thought and felt to view :
 Essential God made all things new.

3

In consciousness the Word Tree grew ;
 The Tree of Life, whose fruit we are.
 Then living water bubbled through
 My veins, as nectar from a star
 That, melting in the dusk of night,
 Leaps millionfold in liquid light.

4

In consciousness my naked form,
 Love, instinct, passion, stood complete.
 Through its umbilicus a worm
 Grew forth, entwined me, brow to feet.
 'Twas the unselfness that I wore ;
 The selfhood-worm that was of yore.

5

I touched it by the naked hand,
Saying, 'I will : be thou at rest.'
Uncoiled it ; made obedient stand ;
Slept in the Life Tree's blossomed vest.
Unselfness, that was ego ; see,
Its eyes shone glimmering through the tree.

6

But Twain-One God beamed through the eyes ;—
Shines through unselfness when it rests.
The twining tempter, lie of lies,
Transformed, exists to serve the bests.
In consciousness its active play :
It hath no will but to obey.

7

The snake that tempted Adam old,
Forth from his consciousness it ran.
'Twas ego, unsubdued and bold,
Making the opportune its van.
'Twas ego thence to rounding term,
From woman breasted unto worm.

8

'Tis the unself, resigned and sweet,
That Christ, the Second Adam, gives.
It breasts unto the Paraclete ;
So from God Womanly it thrives ;
Changing its form, as worths express,
From selflessness, to selflessness.

9

Thou Christ, who art my Flesh of good ;
 My very Life of truth indeed ;
 In consciousness, my solitude,
 My passions on Thy fruitage feed.
 Unselfness for Thy bidding plies :
 Thou art the Truth in all its eyes.

10

I wake to know and love and serve ;
 I sleep to dream and trance and rest.
 My lines in vorticed roundings curve,
 Of sun and moon and star possest.
 The dawn-mist folds,—my vesture's hem ;
 The sunbeam golds,—my diadem.

11

All things are mine, though I am nought ;
 For Love in me Her end hath won.
 In consciousness all fleshly wrought,
 Beloved am I, a daughter-son.
 The flowing wells of song increase ;
 God is the fountain of my peace.

LI.

1

When consciousness is through new flesh implied,
 New instincts in the constitution hive.
 New thoughts to new affections woo and bride.
 New passions in sweet marriage glow and thrive.
 The new born man in Christ-life is alive.

2

Youth sought and found, to fail; then he denied
 And found, to perish never; to assume
 A corporate nature-life, in honor tried;
 A twain-one robe evolved in Christa's loom,
 That wasted not while seasons shed their bloom.

3

The transposition of the consciousness
 Leads to broad, open space the inner man:
 He glows, knows, pulsates, vibrates to express
 The rounding worths that innermost began:
 His loves divine the human planet span.

4

Nothing is lost but that which fashioned loss.
 He grew in freedoms; he is free in fates:
 The round of cares, that heightened to the cross,
 Thenceforth opes large through pregnant Savior-gates:
 In the uprise God Righteousness awaits.

5

'Tis through the agony and bloody sweat,
 Elimination of the last unclean,
 Illumination finds the sense, that yet
 Is risen not to meet the Full Supreme.—
 New man, his lips have touched the Nazarene.

6

"Touch me not yet": 'tis consciousness so saith,
 "Not yet I rise to Father-Mother Man:
 Still I am treading in the planet's death.
 Touch me not yet, for still I meet the ban.
 The path whereby I go ascends to Lilistan."

LII.

1

THOU who dost stand full regnant ; a gold crown
 In Thy right hand, from dawn that glimmereth ;
 And with Thy left hand, strong in Life's renown,
 Pressed on the naked head of palsying death,
 Who wore that crown ? and wherefore dost Thou hold
 Thy hand upon death's brow, dismayed and cold ?

2

Surely I read the answer in Thine eyes :
 They glow with infinite divine desire.
 Death is discrowned, no more to terrorize,
 Implacable, severe, nor break the lyre
 That twines the nations for its sevenfold strings,
 And slay with agonies the carolings.

3

Seven chords of seven new peoples ! they shall breathe
 Thy breath for life and love ; and lift to press
 Thy Yessa's lips, and in the kisses wreath
 Exultant life to flesh of deathlessness :
 Seven rounding cycles of sweet life, distilled
 To overflow, with melodies infilled.

4

Throughout the veins of man insociate,
 That song shall flow, and in its rhythms bear
 Perpetual energies that re-create
 Truth, freedom, honor, gladness everywhere,
 Upon the Orb's blithe bosom, till her brow
 Uplifts that crown of gold Thou holdest now.

LIII.

1

I found in Yessa's garden grot,
 In Loveland's april hours,
A grace, blue-eyed Forget-me-not ;
 A nurse-maid of the flowers :
And all were fair and all were rare. —
 She named the round "fifteen."
They zoned a living fountain there ;
 Fount of the Bridal Queen.

2

She pressed a gift-touch to my knee ;
 A garter wreathed to show :
Then spake, "ope blessing-sight, to see :
 The path of Lilimo'."
"Gladness to those who God-time think,"
 The garter's legend ran.
I knelt for honor on the brink :
 A knight of Lilistan.

3

A youth of stately presence drew
 A thought-touch to my eyne ;
Attired in silver, gold and blue,
 He bade me "bathe and dine."
I slipped beneath the fountain's brim :
 The waves made hands to press.
The fountain rose in mist-ropes dim,
 A Living Loveliness.

4

I sank beneath the billowed swell,
 As hearts immerse in prayer.
Through miracle to miracle,
 The fountain opened there.
Fourfold I found the pathway's clue :
 Transposed in heavenly space,
Love's garden land of graces grew
 An open World of Grace.

5

“This is the land of Love-the-Lord,”
 A song-bird caroled then ;
“And thou hast found the water ford,
 To Issa's home-land glen.”
The bird sang blithe, the bird sang free.
 The transport, as a star,
Broke, sparkled to an orrery
 Of triumph-notes afar. .

6

Some blossoms oped as trumpeters,
 And others bloomed as lutes ;
And some they rayed as dulcimers,
 While others breathed as flutes.
But, when my lips on blisses fed,
 And word-breath opened free,
The breath-song woke the flowers to wed
 Their sweets in melody.

7

Insociate in such holy shrine
 With Powers that times impart,
 I knew that Loveland garden-twine
 Held worlds in Yessa's heart.
 Impregnate all with odor-bread,
 I darted health thereby :
 Through fleshly consciousness was led
 Sweet sense of "never-die."

LIV.

1

By One Informing and Proceeding Spirit
 Of tones and numbers all things are controlled.
 'Tis through Pythagoras that songs inherit
 Lore of creation from the Muse, who rolled
 The fact into expression : thus he drew
 The system of the universe to view.

2

By tones and numbers!—Song, interpreter
 Of the celestial mystery, ascends.
 I rise to ear-touch of orb Jupiter :
 I gather to the song-law of the ends.
 'Tis in its rhythms that new flesh is led,
 With Re-creative Purpose to in-wed.

3

'Tis thus that man recovers God : his breathing
Is ordered in the diatonic scale ;
His organs, by the respirations wreathing,
Chord into vital forces and prevail.
His passions vibrate to the sevenfold strings :
His body quickens ; sense through sense a-wings.

4

In blithe procession of the wise affections,
Men harmonize to flesh-united might :
They taste and rise in the divine perfections,
As water-blooms that open by delights :
They fill as flagons of the banquet, stored
With wine of melody ; then song is poured.

5

Men eat and drink salvation to the flesh :
God giveth through the viands of the feast ;—
Christ with them at the table to refresh :
So the vibrations, to glad play released,
Bear thought to coinage of its wealth, in gold
Of wisdom's utterance through the passions bold.

6

Christ-Christa hold the Word-wrought flesh in charge ;
They, full providers of the rich expense.
Yea, so to speak, new body is the marge,
That flowers and fruits to show Their evidence.
Their firmament rounds o'er it to enspan ;
Their continent is re-created man.

7

“Meats for the body, for the body meats,”
 Spake Paul, “but both of them will God destroy.”
 Egoized man in dissolution eats :
 Funereal odors through his flesh deploy.
 The skin a-glow, the bosom full and fair,—
 Life is but seeming: death inhabits there.

8

Sin generates in flesh and lusts are bred ;
 But sin, that generates, degenerates.
 Disease, where ego rules the sense, is led
 Through the corporeal wealths and delicates.
 Opposed to fayland, in the flesh of sins
 Dwell larves minute, the shames, the “devilkins.”

9

Could one, with utmost microscopic sight,
 Such fleshed interiors open out to view,
 He would find reaches of magnetic night ;
 The darkness of his person ; and the crew
 Of sensual contents, appetites awake
 Inbreeding motives, dragon, hydra, snake ;

10

A tropic jungle in his loins, a-flow
 To the malarious marsh and rank lagoon ;
 In the cold brain pride as a polar snow,
 Vailing remains of life in wintry swoon.
 Naught save the Worded gift, the open breath,
 Can re-create the “body of this death.”

11

Each living form old man hath feeds from him ;
 He banquets for sin's microcosmic sphere.
 But new fleshed men feast as the seraphim :
 Lord God's abundances, the body's cheer,
 Diffuse, through myriads of loves twain-one,
 Substanced illuminations of the sun.

LV.

1

Each living form man hath unto him feeds,
 Where the new flesh hath force :
 Flesh-eden riseth from its blossomed meads ;
 Flows through its rivered course ;
 Subserves the call of life's recurrent needs,
 From treasures of resource.

2

A twain-one unity of flesh full sweet,—
 Blithe Adam in blithe Eve,—
 In Love's new garden of new sense, men greet
 God, who doth joys inweave.
 Fruit of the Tree of Life is made their meat :
 Freely their lips receive.

3

As to the serpent, it dissolves through them,
 In spirals of bright flame ;
 Flows to the fleeciful, flowing vesture's hem ;
 Holds feet uplift from blame ;
 Shines o'er the sun-bright brow to diadem :
 God's eyes through it proclaim.

4

Ego was vanquished ; but, dissolving, gave
 Its forces for a spoil :
 Its airy elements to banners wave ;
 In vorticed wreaths they coil ;
 Shape diamond stone, the pleasancess to pave ;
 With flower-wealth charm the soil.

5

So every play of old concupiscence ;
 Suspicion, pride, distrust ;
 The glorious crime of self-magnificence ;
 The arrogance of dust,
 Expire, while God consumes by immanence
 The fallen angel, lust.

6

New man, a flesh of multiplied desires,
 Orbs the desires in one.
 God through their fullnesses Twain-One respire. —
 Joy for the daughter-son !
 He trains full measured purposes to choirs,
 Chanting, "Thy will be done"

LVI.

1

I love and I love and I love,
 As the eddy that whirls in its river.
 I love and I love and I love,
 As the buds to their fruit tree that quiver.
 I love and I love and I love !

2

I hold and I hold and I hold,
 As the tendril its vine-bough embraces.
 I hold and I hold and I hold,
 As the flame to its birth-torch implaces.
 I hold and I hold and I hold!

3

I serve and I serve and I serve,
 As the spark from its coal giveth heatness.
 I serve and I serve and I serve,
 As the breath in its rose sheddeth sweetness.
 I serve and I serve and I serve!

4

I sing and I sing and I sing,
 As the lips to the loving tremble.
 I sing and I sing and I sing,
 As the stars to their sun-birth assemble.
 I sing and I sing and I sing!

LVII.

1

Old Rome, at frontier of its Civic State,
 Set a stone god, the idol "Terminus."
 For the new flesh, free in imperial fate,
 Lo! Jesus-Yessa wall and watch for us.
 There eden's gateway; there, for Guardian, stands
 The Twain-One Presence; flames that cross from hands.

2

Lift thou upright, O Song!—a golden bull
And silver heifer stand, and guard serene
The gateway of the "Palace Beautiful,"
Wherein Love Yessa thrones; the Goddess Queen
Of new flesh-eden: there Her world of charm
Blooms clasped and radiant in Her Lord's right arm.

3

And the first step, of all the sevenfold rise
That leadeth to Her stately bridal floor,
Is chastity, as to new flesh implies.
Whoso would that mysterious rise explore
Must be soul-sweet, to the extremest sense
Of passioned thought; full clean from flesh offense.

4

Blessed the chaste, in spirit, mind and sense!
Through chastity, the Bridal Word is led
To shape its concept in the man intense:
Henceforth his resurrection from the dead.
Yea, from the death in trespass and decay,
He seeks, in Yessa's path, the Woman's way.

5

Her first step is the death of lust-desire;
Full hatred of the search and the pursuit;
Rejection of the fierce magnetic fire,
That generates in mind the sensual fruit;
That organizes sacrilege,—a worm,—
Where Lord God would involve the passion-term.

6

Know, Life's First Cause seeks to man's last effect :
 Redemption there in Righteousness would stand.
 From Truth's erectness to man's last erect,
 Love's constellate beatitudes would band.
 There fights the final force of sin-in-death :
 There would avow Jesus of Nazareth.

7

Eat of the tree of knowledge ; taste the fruit,
 Ripe in flesh-eden from its goodly bough.
 Know of new woman : she shall evolute,
 God-born, as Issa-Lily in me now :
 Her sensely raiment trail in Hymen's spice ;
 Her bosom lift twain towers of paradise.

8

Her touch shall fire thee, God-like, lover-wise,
 To full regards, in chastity that chord.
 Her eyes shall light for God-rise in thine eyes,
 And thou shalt by that holiness in-Lord,
 Worshiping thereby to the One-in-Twain ;
 And so to Hymen's mystery attain.

9

Thou shalt behold Her as the cynosure,
 The star, that orbs o'er wisdom's arctic pole,
 To light thee o'er the deep of the All-Pure ;
 Then as white-bosomed Dian, to control
 The passions of thee to melodious flow
 Of innocence, with God-love all a-glow.

10

Thou shalt feel Chastity, born to a splendor
 In every sunbeam of thy mind's uprise :
 A light, diffusive, blissful, wooing, tender,
 Folding for trancéd sleep thy slumberous eyes.
 Thou shalt fold Chastity into thy breast ;
 For breathings of Lord-Lady, leading rest.

11

So Chastity shall drip, by pregnant spices,
 Through pore to pore, unto thy floating robe.
 So shalt thou breast unto the Holy Isis ;
 She who defends where woman's breasts englobe :
 And thou shalt breathe Her perfume to the skin,
 And in Her find Love's outness from within.

12

So thou shalt hold thy thought unto the Mother,
 And walk in secret through Her blossomed glades.
 Thou beside Him-in-Her shalt love no other ;
 But She shall love thee in the maid of maids,
 In whom She formeth for thy counterpart ;
 And She will marry ye, as heart-in-heart.

13

The step is orbéd : if thou wouldst rise upon it,
 Know it as orbéd ; a mighty globe of pearl.
 Her truth is in the pearl : if thou wouldst con it,
 Lo ! it will lift Love's Image in a girl
 Of beauteous, blissful charm, thy heart to fire,
 And thrill thy bosom as a chorded lyre.

14

Inhabit Chastity ; if thou wouldst win Her.
 Make such the ultimate where senses feel.
 In Yessa's lore an infantile beginner,
 Yet make thy touch for Her as sure as steel.
 When thou the Regnant Chastity hast won,
 To rise upon Her pearl, the path's begun.

15

So from Her house, the "Palace Beautiful,"
 Upon its orbiting balcony I sing ;
 Here, where the dawn-mists, all as silver wool,
 Float, bearing odors of Her bridal spring.
 I chant divinely in the sacred air.—
 Her palace, She hath named it, "Ever-dare."

LVIII.

1

Dawn floats divine, borne by expectancy.
 Flesh thrills to rise in ardors of vibration.
 False fleshness of profane lubricity
 Dares on, to face the issue of cremation.
 Earth's panting airs touch ethers that respire :
 Mankind anighs the trial-gates of fire.

2

There's a void organ in man's fleshly chest ;
 An hollow space where breathness should have been.
 The suffering bosom, by a weight opprest,
 Feels there the force of planetary sin.
 This organ of flesh-liftnesses ! were weight
 Dethronéd here, new flesh might levitate.

3

It lifts a little ; then the sense of lightness
 Moves by exhilarations through the frame ;
Thoughts rise in ardors of celestial brightness :
 Fear passes and the wearying sense of blame :
Oppression, that would strangle the new birth
Of inspirations, fails in free-born mirth.

4

Expectancy toils to become organic ;
 To shape in uses to the fact before :
A dew-drop 'tis, that globes to the oceanic ;
 A little stone, that would evolve to floor ;
A breath of melody, that would advance
To lead the foot-lift in Love's rhythmic dance.

5

Touch to the feeling of it in thy breast ;
 Touch to the brilliance of it in the eyne ;
Summon the sense of hope and in it vest ;
 Thrill to the palpitations that are rhyme
In reason ; twine thy memory from the cold
And cruel past ; in hope for God embold.

6

Expect ! the infant in the womb expects ;
 Enlarging so to fill the rounding term.
Dawn through thy sensories her touch projects ;
 Dawn, that embraced in sun, would find thee firm ;
Standing to orb thine ultimate degree ;—
Holding disaster down by press of knee.

7

Growths grow, births birth, brides bride by the expectant ;
 'Tis expectation whirls their wheels along.
 God's expectation sits in Love's electant ;
 In the throned chariot, speeding by a song.
 Attune thy fleshly rhythms to the glow ;
 Fold the invigorations that bestow.

8

Clasp thou Love's vine, expectant of the clusters
 That ripen in thee for the wealthy press.
 Hold Truth's divine, expectant of the lusters
 That star the rising Sun of Righteousness.
 Claim the career, expectant of the goal
 Whereto thy stars in all their courses roll.

9

Dost thou desire Lord Jesus? then expect Him :
 Dost thou desire Love Yessa? do thou thus.
 In all thy thoughts of final life erect Him ;
 Salvation's Chief; the Head and Heart of us.
 Expect Love Yessa, Goddess, Mother, Queen ;
 Yea, in thy flesh, the Twain-One Nazarene.

10

The expectation of the children waits :
 Now let the expectation burn and rise.
 Blithe summer for her fruit anticipates,
 And to her work of ripening wealth applies.
 Round, rise and ripen : bid thy heart "good cheer."
 Orb in new flesh the system of God's year.

11

Re-naming months, France styled one "Germinal."
 Expect our Germinal from soul to sense :
 Expect it, baffled not, made "Terminal" ;
 Closing in victory the drear suspense.
 Expect it, hold in it ; hold so thy will
 High in God's purpose till the world is still.

LIX.

1

The worlded issue tends to termination.
 Jesus, in human nature, is supprest.
 The "evil and adulterous generation"
 He entered when the Word made fleshly hest,—
 Word in Divine Humanity full found,—
 Still multiplies and fortifies its ground ;

2

Judea then, Civilization now,
 All Barbarism in its bulk implied,
 With all of Christ-denial on its brow,
 With all of Christ-destruction in its stride,
 With all Christ-profanation on its breast,
 Christ-sacrilege wrought for its lustful rest.

3

Yea, "give us Cæsar," is the cry ; "not Him.
 We own no master but strong ego's might.
 We throne Apostasy, defiant, grim.
 Ego is god ; self-lust our world-delight.
 Mighty is Cæsar in great Rome, his mart ;
 Earth's manhood one huge egoistic heart.

4

“If Jesus be, as mystagogues avow,
 The Father of the ages ; Prince of peace ;
 The mighty God whom virgin did conceive,
 Let Him this flesh in humanhood release.
 His creed is tested to its final term :
 In flesh He cannot save or slay a worm.”

5

When Unbelief exalteth so its horn,
 Jesus is at old Cæsar’s bar again.
 From the great heart of good-in-truth forsworn,
 False witnesses are ye, base ego’s men.
 His answer is but silence ; He content
 To serve the rounding to the full event.

6

Shall He in flesh be scourged and buffeted ?
 Shall He in flesh be crucified and slain ?
 Shall He lie down anew as fleshly dead ?
 Shall He, save in a shade, not rise again,
 But vanish, leaving mortals to aver,
 “That flesh but fed the wormy sepulcher ?”

7

Upon time’s heaving sea of expectation
 The planet trembles.—Lo ! a point, a spark,
 A little cloud, a cloud of respiration ;
 A star enshadowed in the quivering dark :
 It thrills in touchness of a twain-one hand :
 It globes in one small grain of human sand.

8

Once was a Word-germ in a virgin's pearl,
 But from that germ the Man of Nazareth :
 Flesh, that did feel but as the rose-leaf's curl,
 Bore its formed uprise through the planet's death.
 "Thus far, no further" ?—Hath the quickening died ?
 "Thus far, all further" !—Let event decide.

9

See, the White Dawn stoops heavy o'er the hill ;
 Heavy with bearing, as the wombs bestow.
 Fails She to bring to birth Her miracle ?
 Touch Her, thou hand : so feel the promise bow,
 Wreathing Her form, in splendor to dispose,
 Ere Her sweet influence through earth's flesh unclose.

LX.

1

So now the Song of Dawnrise, ended fairly,
 Floats in the silver mist-wreaths, borne afar.
 Taste ye who love therein of sweets that rarely
 Have fed time's bosom : feel the Avatar !
 Rise ye in Dawn's pure effluence o'er the bar,
 Where crest white wavelets to the Light of light.
 Dear inspirations, of life's Life that are,
 Waken to move, as wingéd winds in flight,
 And thrill through quickening flesh with motions of Her
 might.

2

Days twenty-three we have explored together
 Such holy mysteries as Yessa gives.
 Now the gold sun-barge, as a floating feather,
 Lifts t'ward the horizon,—a world that lives
 And feels and is immortal. Fugitives
 Of labor's earth and sorrow's time are we;
 But we have touched the glass of hours, that sieves
 With silver sands for morning's melody:
 Now, in new flesh, new born, breathes Immortality.

3

Through lenten days to Easter week we dwelt,
 In wrapt communion with the Loving Bride.
 Felt ye not Mother-sweetness in you melt,
 For love-fire of the verse, and through it glide?
 Cold is this barrenness of hours outside.
 Blithe is Her home of charm, where ye shall dwell.
 Make cheer, adore, delight! The Long Denied,
 The Long Expected bids Her waters well.
 Ascend to meet the Dawn, borne in Her silver shell.

4

Unto the First and Last, God ever-blest,
 Adoringly I consecrate the strain.
 Love Yessa played the sayings to my breast:
 Lord Jesus loosed them to the long refrain.
 I carol as the skylark, for the rain
 Of blessing from the dawn-mist lightly poured.—
 Opes to me now House Beautiful, the fane
 Where JESUS YESSA hold, for lives restored,
 The fleshness that is Theirs, born of the Bridal Word.

T. L. H.

March 26—April 17, 1895.

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